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THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

A TALE OF BRITISH EGYPT.

By Gilbert Parker.

WYNDHAM BIMBASHI'S career in Egypt had been a series of mistakes. In the first place he was opinionated; in the second place he never seemed to have any luck; and, worst of all, he had a little habit of doing grave things on his own light-some responsibility. This last quality was natural to him, but he added to it a supreme contempt for the native mind and an unhealthy scorn of the native official. He never seemed to realize that, after all, the native knows, in one sure way, a good deal more about his country than a foreigner possibly can; also, that, however corrupt in character Mahommed may be, he is in touch with the mind of his countrymen. But Major Wyndham, which is to say Wyndham Bimbashi, was convinced of the omniscience of the British mind, of its universal superiority. He said as much to Vernet, the French count in the confidence of the Khedive, who had got him his billet at a time when there were scarcely any English officials in Egypt. Vernet chafed, but he had been Wyndham's guest in Sussex years before, and he contented himself with a satirical warning. In this he deserved credit, for Wyndham's manner, with his unimaginative, bullet-headed cocksureness, his yawning indifference, his unpitiful endurance of foreigners' opinions, was provoking if nothing more.

Bored as he generally was, Wyndham had ideas of reform—in the army, in the state, everywhere. With all his Englishness he was for doing what is characteristic of the Frenchman; transplanting schemes of home government and administration bodily into colonies and spheres of influence. He had not that rare quality often found among Englishmen, of working the native up through his own medium, as it were, through his own customs and predispositions, to the soundness of Western administrative methods. Therefore in due time he made some bad mistakes, which, in natural sequence, were followed by dangerous mistakes. By virtue of certain high-handed actions he was the cause of several riots in native villages, and he had himself been attacked at more than one village as he rode between the fields of sugar-cane. On these occasions he had behaved very well—certainly no one could possibly doubt his bravery; but that was a small offset to the fact that his want of tact and his overbearing manner had been the means of turning the Hadendowa Arabs loose upon the country, raiding and killing.

But he could not, or would not, see his own vain stupidity. The climax came in a foolish sortie against the Hadendowas. In that unauthorized melee, in covert disobedience to a general order not to attack, unless at ad-

vantage—for the Gippies under him were raw levies—his troop was diminished by half, and cut off from the Nile by a flank movement of the Hadendowas. He was obliged to retreat and take refuge in the well-fortified and walled house of a friendly sheikh, which had previously been a Coptic monastery.

Here, at last, the truth came home to Wyndham Bimbashi. He realized that though in his six years' residence in the land he had acquired a command of Arabic equal to that of others who had been in the country twice that time, he had acquired little else. He awaked to the fact that in his cocksure schemes for the civil and military life of Egypt there was not one element of sound sense; that he had been all along an egregious failure. It did not come home to him with clear accurate conviction—his brain was not a first-rate medium for illumination; but the facts struck him now with a blind sort of force; and he accepted the blank sensation of failure. Also, he read in the faces of those round him an alien spirit, a chasm of black misunderstanding, which his knowledge of Arabic could never bridge over.

Here he was, shut up with Gippies who had no real faith in him, in the house of a sheikh whose servants would cut his throat on no provocation at all; and not an eighth of a mile away was a horde of Arabs: a circle of death through which it was impossible to break with the men in his command. They must all die here if they were not relieved.

The nearest garrison was at Berber, fifty miles away. Five hundred men were stationed there. Now that his cup of mistakes was full, Wyndham Bimbashi would willingly have made the attempt to carry word to the garrison there. But he had no right to leave his post. He called for a volunteer. No man replied. Panic was upon the Gippies. Though Wyndham Bimbashi's heart sickened within him, his lips did not frame a word of reproach; but a blush of shame came into his face, and crept up to his eyes, dimming them. For

there flashed through his mind what men at home would think of him when this thing, such an end to his whole career, was known. As he stood still, upright and confounded, someone touched his arm.

It was Hassan, his Soudanese servant. Hassan was the one person in Egypt who thoroughly believed in Wyndham Bimbashi. Wyndham was as a god to Hassan, though this same god had given him the taste of a belt more than once. Hassan had not resented the belt, though once, in a moment of affectionate confidence, he had said to Wyndham that when Wyndham got old and died he would be the servant of an American or a missionary, "who no whack Mahomed."

It was Hassan that now volunteered to carry word to the garrison at Berber.

"If I no carry, you whack me with the belt, Pasha," said Hassan, whose logic and reason were like his master's, neither better nor worse.

"If you do you shall have fifty pounds and—the missionary," answered Wyndham Bimbashi, his eyes still cloudy and his voice thick; for it touched him in a tender nerve that this one Soudanese boy should believe in him and do for him what he would give much to do for the men under him. For his own life he did not care, his confusion and shame were so great.

He watched Hassan steal out into the white brilliance of the night.

"Mind you keep a whole skin, Hassan," he said as the slim lad, with the white teeth, oily hair, and legs like ivory, stole along the wall, to drop presently on his belly, and make for some palm trees a hundred yards away. The minutes went by in silence, an hour went by, the whole night went by; Hassan had got beyond the circle of trenchant steel.

They must now abide Hassan's fate; but another peril was upon them. There was not a goolah of water within the walls.

It was the time of low Nile, when all the land is baked like a crust of

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bread, when the creaking of the shadoofs and the singing croak of the sakkia are heard all the long night like untiring crickets with the throats of frogs. It was the time succeeding the khamseen, when the skin dries like slaked lime and the face is forever powdered with dust; and the felaheen, in the slavery of superstition, strain their eyes day and night for the Sacred Drop, which tells that the flood is flowing fast from the hills of Abyssinia.

It was like the Egyptian, that nothing should be said to Wyndham Bimbashi about the dearth of water until it was all gone. The house of the sheikh, and its garden where were a pool and a fountain, were supplied from the great Persian wheel at the water side. On this particular sakkia had been wont to sit all day a patient fellah, driving the blindfolded buffaloes in their turn. It was like the patient fellah, when the Arabs in pursuit of Wyndham and his Gippies suddenly cut in between him and the house, to deliver himself over to the conqueror, with his hand upon his head, in sign of obedience. It was also like the gentle Egyptian that he eagerly showed the Hadendowas how the water could be cut off from the house by dropping one of the sluice gates; while, opening another, all the land around the Arab quarters might be well watered, the birkets filled, and the bersim kept green for their horses and camels. Which was how it was that Wyndham Bimbashi and his Gippies, and the sheikh and his household faced the fact the morning after Hassan left, that there was not a goolah of water for a hundred burning throats. Wyndham understood now why it was that the Hadendowas sat down and waited, that torture might be added to the on-coming death of the Englishman, his natives and the "friendlies."

All that day terror and a ghastly hate hung like a miasma over the besieged house and garden. Fifty eyes hungered for the blood of Wyndham Bimbashi; not because he was Wynd-

ham Bimbashi, but because the heathen in these men cried out for sacrifice; and what so agreeable a sacrifice as the Englishman who had led them into this disaster and would die so well—had they ever seen an Englishman who did not die well!

Wyndham Bimbashi was quiet and watchful, and he cudgelled his bullet-head, and looked down his long nose in meditation all the day, while his tongue became dry and thick, and his throat seemed to crack like roasting leather. At length he worked the problem out; then he took action.

He summoned his troop before him, and said briefly:

"Men, we must have water. The question is, who is going to steal out to the sakkia to-night to shut the one sluice and open the other?"

No one replied. No one understood quite what Wyndham meant. Shutting one sluice and opening the other did not seem to meet the situation. There was the danger of getting to the sakkia, but there was also an *after*. Would it be possible to shut one sluice and open the other without the man at the wheel knowing? Suppose you killed the man at the wheel—what then!

The Gippies and the friendlies scowled, but did not speak. The Bimbashi was responsible for all: he was an Englishman, let him get water for them, or die like the rest of them, perhaps before them!

Wyndham Bimbashi could not travel the sinuosities of their minds, and if he could have done so it would not have affected his purposes. When no man replied, he simply said:

"All right, men, you shall have water before morning. Try and hold out till then." And he dismissed them.

For a long time he walked up and down the garden of straggling limes, apparently listless, and smoking hard. He reckoned in his mind how long it would take Hassan to get to Berber, and how long it would take for relief to come. He was fond of his pipe, and he smoked now as if it was the thing he most enjoyed in the world.

He held the bowl in the hollow of his hand almost tenderly. He seemed unconscious of the scowling looks around him. At last he sat down on the ledge of the rude fountain, with his face towards the Gippies and the Arabs squatted on the ground, some playing mankalah, others sucking the dry lime leaves, some smoking apathetically, and others still gasping and staring.

One man with the flicker of insanity in his eyes suddenly ran forward and threw himself on the ground before Wyndham Bimbashi.

"In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful—water!" he cried. "Water—I am dying, effendi, whom God preserve!"

"Nile water is sweet; you shall drink it before morning, Mahommed," answered Wyndham quietly. "God will preserve your life till the Nile water cool your throat."

"Before dawn, O effendi?" gasped the Arab.

"Before dawn, by the mercy of God," answered Wyndham; and for the first time in his life he had a burst of imagination. The Orient had touched him at last.

"Is not the song of the sakkia in thine ear, Mahommed:

Turn, O Sakkia, to the right and turn to the left:
The Nile floweth by night and the balasses
are filled at dawn—
The maid of the village shall bear to thy bed
the dewy grey goolah at dawn:
Turn, O Sakkia!"

Wyndham Bimbashi was learning at last the way to the native mind.

The man rose from his knees. A vision of his home in the Mirkaz of Minieh passed before him. He stretched out his hands and sang in the vibrating monotone of his people:

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left;
Who will take care of me if my father dies!
Who will give me water to drink, and the
cucumber vine at my door:
Turn, O Sakkia!"

Then he crept back again to the wall of the house where he huddled between a Berberine playing a darabukkeh and

a man of Fayoum who chanted the Fatihah from the Koran.

Wyndham looked at them all and pondered. "If the devils out there would only attack us!" he said between his teeth, "or if we could only attack them!" he added, and he nervously hastened his footsteps; for to him this inaction was terrible. "They'd forget their thirst if they were fighting," he muttered, and then he frowned; for the groans of the horses behind the house came to his ear. In desperation he went inside and climbed to the roof, where he could see the circle of the enemy.

It was no use. They were three to one, and his Gippies were demoralized. It would be a fine bit of pluck to try and cut his way through the Hadendowas to the Nile, but how many would reach it?

No, he had made his full measure of mistakes, he would not add to the list. If Hassan got through to Berber his Gippies here would be relieved; and there would be no more blood on his head. Relieved—and when they were relieved, what of himself, Wyndham Bimbashi? He knew what men would say in Cairo, what men would say at the War Office in London town, at "the Rag," everywhere! He could not look his future in the face. He felt that every man in Egypt, save himself, had known all along that he was a complete failure. It did not matter while he himself was not conscious of it, but now that the armour-plate of conceit protecting his honest mind had been torn away on the reefs of foolish deeds, it mattered everything. For when his conceit was peeled away, there was left a crimson cuticle of the Wyndham pride—of the Wyndham Bimbashi pride! Certainly he could not attack the Hadendowas; he had had his eternal fill of sorties!

And he could not wait for the relief party, for his Gippies and the friendlies were famishing, dying of thirst. He prayed for night. How slowly the minutes, the hours, passed; and how bright was the moon when it rose; brighter even than it was when Hassan

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At midnight Wyndham Bimbashi stole softly out of a gate in the garden wall, and, like Hassan, dropping to the ground, crept towards a patch of maize lying between the house and the river. He was dressed like a fellah, with the long blue yelek, a poor wool fez, and round the fez was a white cloth, as it were to protect his mouth from the night air, after the manner of the peasant.

The fires of the enemy were dying down, and only here and there Arabs gossiped or drank coffee by the embers. At last Wyndham was able to drop into the narrow channel, now dry, through which, when the sluice was open and the sakkia turned, the water flowed to the house. All went well till he was within a hundred yards of the wheel, though now and again he could hear sentries snoring or talking just above him. Suddenly he heard breathing an arm's length before him, then a figure raised itself and a head turned towards him. The Arab had been asleep, but his hand ran to his knife by instinct—too late, for Wyndham's fingers were at his throat, and he had neither time nor chance to cry "Allah" before the breath left him!

Wyndham crept on. The sound of the sakkia was in his ears, the long, creaking, crying song filling the night. And now there rose the Song of the Sakkia from the man at the wheel:

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left:

The heron feeds by the water side—shall I starve in my onion field!

Shall the Lord of the World withhold his tears that water the land;

Turn, O Sakkia!"

. . . . The cold white stars, the deep cold blue the far-off Libyan hills in a gold and opal glow, the smell of the desert, the deep *swish* of the Nile, the Song of the Sakkia!

Wyndham Bimbashi's heart beat faster, his blood flowed quicker, he strangled a sigh in his breast. Here, with death on every hand, with immediate danger and a fearful peril before him, out of the smell of the desert

and the ghostly glow of the Libyan hills there came a memory—a memory of a mistake he had made years before with a woman. She had never forgiven him for the mistake—he knew that now. He knew that no woman could ever forgive the blunder he had made—not a blunder of love but a blunder of self-will and an unmanly, unmannerly conceit. It had nearly wrecked her life; and he only realized it now, in the moment of clear-seeing which comes to everyone once in this life. Well, it was something to have seen the mistake at last!

He was near the sluice-gate now. It was impossible to open it without the fellah on the water-wheel seeing him.

There was another way. He crept close and closer to the wheel. The breath of the blindfolded buffalo was in his face, he drew himself up lightly and quickly beside the buffalo—he was making no blunder now! The fellah still sang:

"Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left:

For the chargers that ride the bersim waits. . ."

The great jars on the wheel emptied their splashes of water into the trough for the channel.

Suddenly Wyndham Bimbashi leapt from behind the buffalo upon the fellah and smothered his head and mouth in the white cloth he had brought. There was a moment's struggle, then, as the wheel went slower and slower, and the patient buffalo stopped, Wyndham Bimbashi dropped the gagged but living fellah into a trench by the sakkia, and calling to the buffalo, slid over swiftly, opened the sluice-gate of the channel which fed the house, and closed that leading to the Arab encampment.

Then he sat down where the fellah had sat, and the sakkia droned its mystic music over the river, and the desert and the plain. But the buffalo moved slowly—the fellah's song had been a spur to its travel, as the camel-driver's song is to the caravan in the waste of sands. Wyndham Bimbashi hesitated an instant, then as the first trickle of water entered the garden of the house where his Gippies and the

friendlies were, his voice rose in the Song of the Sakkia:

"Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left:
Who will take care of me, if my father dies!
Who will give me water to drink, and the cucumber vine at my door:
Turn, O Sakkia!"

If he had but one hour longer there would be enough water for men and horses for days—twenty jars of water pouring—pouring all the time!

Now and again a figure came towards the wheel, but not close enough to see that the one sluice-gate had been shut and the other opened. One hour passed, an hour and a half, and then the end came.

The gagged fellah had managed to free his mouth, and though his feet were bound also and he could not loose them at once, he gave a loud call for help. From dying fires here and there Arab sentries sprang to their feet with rifles and lances.

Wyndham Bambashi's work was done. He leapt from the sakkia, and ran towards the house. Shot after shot was fired at him, lances were thrown, and once an Arab barred his way suddenly. He pistoled him and ran on. A lance caught him in the left arm. He tore it out and pushed forward. Stooping once, he caught up an Arab sword from the ground. When he was within fifty yards of the house, four Hadendawas intercepted him. He slashed through, then turned with his pistol and fired as he ran

quickly towards the now open gate. He was within ten yards of it, and had fired his last shot, when a bullet crashed through his jaw.

A dozen Gippies ran out, dragged him in, and closed the gate.

The last thing Wyndham Bimbashi did before he died in the grey of dawn—and this is told of him by the Gippies themselves—was to cough up the bullet from his throat, and spit it out upon the ground. The Gippies thought it a miraculous feat and that he had done it in scorn of the Hadendawas.

Before another sunrise and sunset had come, Wyndham Bimbashi's men were relieved by the garrison of Berber, after a hard fight.

There are Englishmen in Egypt who still speak slightly of Wyndham Bimbashi; but the British officer who buried him hushed a gossiping dinner-party a few months ago in Cairo by saying:

"Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where the Gippies have laid him."

And he did not apologize for paraphrasing the famous ballad. He has shamed Egypt at last into a sort of admiration of Wyndham Bimbashi, to the deep satisfaction of Hassan the Soudanese boy, who received his fifty pounds and to this day wears the belt that once kept him in the narrow path of duty.



A NEW NATIONAL POLICY.

BEING A PLEA FOR FREE TRADE WITH GREAT BRITAIN IN ORDER
TO PRESERVE OUR TAXABLE POWER.

By Senator Boulton.

THE policy of the open door is the policy of the Imperial Government. It is not a party policy ; it is an Imperial policy. Wherever the influence of the Imperial Government extends to the commercial life of nations directly under its control that system prevails and sound government is the result. It is an announcement to the nations of the world that the British are prepared to compete with them upon their own soil or under their own flag without fear or favour. In the self-governing branches of the British Empire, the attitude of the Imperial Government is one of neutrality ; it virtually says : " You have to work out your career as nations ; you have to gain your own experience. Canada, you are two centuries old ; Africa, you have passed your first centennial ; Australia, three-quarters of a century has passed over your head. All we can do is to set you an example drawn from the experience of generations, and so far as you can bring yourselves to accommodate the necessities of your national lives to our policy, we can safely recommend you to follow it."

I do not think any one will deny that the rule of the Imperial Government has been for good. Its principles have been cast in a high mould, and its government of inferior races has been productive of the best results. That is the verdict of the world at large. That rival powers are disposed to view with jealousy the solid advance of the Imperial Government of Great Britain and Ireland as leader of the world is not to be wondered at. Their fighting powers have not been brought into play against it, but they have sought to make their commercial powers do duty to overcome the absolute indiffer-

ence of the Imperial Government to competition in trade or in finance. By means of protective duties, export bounties and artificial methods they have attempted to exclude British trade from not only their own bounds, but wherever their flag waves in distant portions of the earth. Increasing their armaments and testing the financial strength of Great Britain to keep pace does not produce a ripple on the surface of British finance, and the determination to keep the power of the navy equal to that of any other two nations is not beyond the annual resources of the revenue. The process of exhaustion has been heavier on the constitutions of foreign powers than it has been on that of the British Isles.

The national constitution should be just as much an object of care and solicitude as his own constitution is to an individual. Wisdom has guided those upon whom devolves the responsibility of preserving the constitution of the British Empire in a healthy state. What are its characteristics ? Liberty of action, liberty of conscience and liberty of commerce to find its own level.

We have a place in the British Empire. Our political rule of life is moulded upon its constitution ; but with that liberty of action which is its basic principle, we have to exercise wisdom to preserve our constitution in a healthy state, and upon us as Canadians devolves the whole responsibility. We have a place on this continent which is our own, alongside of a friendly neighbour with whom we are closely allied by natural ties. To work out our national life, not as a counter-irritant to theirs, but with collateral aims, seems to be the path of duty. We have attained a vigorous manhood, our national boun-

daries are fairly well defined, and within their radius we have our own problems to solve in carving out the future of Canada.

A careless, or off some tongues a designed, expression is often used, that "Posterity has done nothing for me. Ergo, it is my privilege to drink to the dregs the present life which is mine." The sentiment is weak. The man or the woman who cares little what comes after them in private, municipal, provincial or national life does a wrong which dips far into the future, and a wrong which it is difficult to remedy. Wasting our national resources is just as bad as wasting our individual physical resources. The first duty of our national Government in order to maintain its national strength, which is proportioned to the respect it is able to maintain among the nations of the earth for good government, is to preserve its financial strength. The plea that the national Government is responsible for the prosperity of the individuals composing the nation does not hold good except in the wisdom of the laws which regulate their action one towards another.

What is the financial strength of our national Government or of any Government? It is its taxable power, the revenue from which should be a reflex of the prosperity of the people; to the extent that it divides that taxable power with class or corporate interests, to that extent is its financial strength weakened and its power for good in the national life of the people is also weakened. We have drifted into a policy that produces this result. The people are taxed upon their necessities of life for protective purposes; a small portion of our industrial classes are protected by a tax against outsiders. To the extent which that taxation is imposed the revenue derived from that taxation is divided between the manufacturers and protected industries on one side, with the Government on the other, whereas the whole of the taxation the people are called upon to bear should be diverted solely into the treasury.

Take our iron industry for an ex-

ample; a protective duty was imposed upon our pig iron of \$4.00 per ton, now reduced to \$2.50. At the end of fourteen years this has resulted, in 1898, in a production of 77,000 tons in the whole of Canada, while our neighbours to the south produce 15,000,000 tons, and Great Britain 12,000,000 tons. That duty on pig iron necessitated duties all along the line of iron industries ranging up to forty per cent., entailing last year a direct tax of \$3,500,000 on imports which went into the revenue, and a corresponding amount of taxation induced by the monopoly, the proceeds of which went into the pockets of protected classes. What for? To bring into life the production of raw material to the extent of 77,000 tons, valued at \$770,000! Whereas by giving the iron workers free iron they would be in a better position to hold the home market, and also to compete in the foreign market, and a tax of \$9,000,000 divided between the revenue and private parties would not be resting upon the people.

Another example: take spirits; the excise is \$1.90 per gallon, the duty is \$2.40, the difference, fifty cents, should go to the treasury but it goes to build up private fortunes. In England the excise is \$2.50, the duty is four cents less, consequently the Government get all there is in the taxation.

And so you can go through the whole range of customs taxation. In England the whole of the taxation goes to revenue; in Canada it is divided with favoured classes. In the United States it is the same. A forcible feature has presented itself there from the fact that the excess of exports over imports is enormous. Twelve hundred and sixty millions was the value of the exports last year, and the imports are six hundred and fifty millions less; twice as much of their material resources has gone out of the country as has been returned to it. The why and the wherefore has yet to be ascertained; it is presumably the effect of high protective taxation which drains the country and paralyzes the revenue.

In Great Britain the reverse condi-

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tions prevail, and there is a great redundancy of revenue, because no private interest divides with the Government the taxes which the people bear. That principle does not retard the accumulation of wealth, for their statistics show that the same rate of income tax produces for the revenue ten million dollars a year more to-day than it did ten years ago.

Their navigation laws are based on liberty of action which, with the fostering principles of free trade, have made the British Isles the greatest maritime power in the world. The Imperial Government acts upon the principle that competition brings the reserve power of the people into the fullest play for the benefit of the nation, while coddling enervates the powers of those large interests which act as the main-spring of our national life.

To cite an example of the efforts of our people to make water run up hill. The town of Midland has just voted a bonus of fifty thousand dollars for smelting works, to be constructed by some of our large protected capitalists in Montreal. The taxation of the people commences there. Then the people as a whole are to be taxed on the product by the protective duty. Again, there is a bonus of three dollars a ton on iron produced by the Dominion Government, and two dollars a ton by the Ontario Government.

Here the taxable power of the people is used up for class interests. In the Mesaba range, south of the Canadian boundary on Lake Superior, iron ore is laid ready for shipment for fifty cents a ton, is conveyed cheaply to Cleveland or other places where it meets untaxed coal and is converted into iron which is sold for nine dollars a ton. We donate by burdensome taxation eight dollars before we can secure the production of a ton. Now, the harbour of Midland, at the terminus of the Midland Railway system, is for progressive purposes away ahead of any industry bolstered by such a false system, but here protective taxation again intervenes. We have burdened the railway with enormous tax-bearing securities,

and we have made our Canadian marine a close preserve, satisfied with a small business but large profits. Consequently, while the great lakes to the west are covered with shipping and industrial life, Midland, the most natural outlet, only hears the hum from a distance. The remedy is, allow the freest competition for the American marine to come to Canadian ports, which will put fresh blood into Canadian shipping. Canadian shipping is at liberty to compete, and does compete with American shipping in carrying from a Canadian port to an American port, or from an American to a Canadian port, but it has a different rate in carrying from a Canadian port to a Canadian port where it has a monopoly.

There is another phase of this large question which experience is opening out to our senses. Why should we not have free trade with Great Britain? Why should we not give greater attention to production which is the creation of new wealth? Protection to manufactures is a tax on production, and the market for manufactures under a different system might be enlarged in foreign markets, while all that producers ask is to be relieved of the manufacturers' tax. The principle of exchange in an international sense has not been sufficiently studied. Great Britain admits our products free, the United States takes them. We tax the product of British labor 28 or 29 per cent. She is debarred from purchasing from us, except what she actually requires because we refuse to allow her trade to return. The statement can hardly be questioned that if there were no tax on the product of British labour except through our excise laws they would become larger purchasers, and Canadian producers would get better prices for what they sell to them.

Inaccommodating our trading powers to new conditions, our attention is naturally first attracted to that market that furnishes us with a constant and ever-growing free sale. It must be admitted that Great Britain is our best and most profitable customer; how to enlarge our trade with her, so that we

can add to the material wealth of Canada from the natural resources with which our country abounds should be our first care. We have fostered our manufactures for twenty years until they have outgrown the small market Canada offers, and a different stimulus requires to be applied. That is cheaper raw material and an enlarged market by an application of the Canadian view of free trade, which is, "free on both sides." The only market we have the opportunity of applying that principle to is the British market. The idea that we must first force it to become a protective market in our favour before we can apply those principles is not sound. We ourselves have the opportunity of applying the principles of free exchange; it is for us to adopt them. If our exports are admitted free and we tax the return trade 30 per cent. somebody besides the producer of those exports gets the difference, that is clear. By the removal of that 30 per cent., unquestionably production becomes more profitable.

Take iron ore as an example. England requires ore to aid in the production of her twelve million tons of iron. Tax her trade and she cannot purchase it. Remove the tax and she will come here and look for it. Iron ore is now being placed ready for shipment at the head of Lake Superior for fifty cents a ton for American smelters twelve hundred miles distant, and this enables them to produce cheap iron. It is equally advantageous on the Canadian side. Take off the tariff against British trade and we will open out a large market for Canadian ore, which is excluded from the United States market by a tax of fifty cents a ton. The production and transportation of that trade would grow to large dimensions, without absorbing any of the taxable power of the Canadian people; the additional water transportation would not be a bar to the trade with the United Kingdom.

The market for wood pulp would under like conditions be transferred from the American market to the Brit-

ish market. In the case of lumber it would be the same, and so we might go through the whole list of Canada's resources. No one will deny that our farmers will have their productive capacity increased by the removal of the burdensome tax against their principal and most profitable customer. Production from the soil is the great source of Canada's wealth, and no industry suffers so much from the tax on the international trade for their surplus products as our agricultural community. No one appreciates that more than our western farmers. Remove the tax on our trade with Great Britain on the broad principle of free exchange, and there will be fresh life run through every artery of Canadian industry. By increasing the productive capacity and the consequent increase in wealth of Canada's resources, no injury will befall any industry. Add free iron, coal and coal-oil to the general free-list and a great impetus will be given to the industry of our iron-workers.

These are principles of trade which new conditions force upon our attention. We find that under our present system of monopoly, which gathers force under protective taxation that the taxable power, which should alone exist for national strength, is being transferred in undue proportions to private or class interests. The effort in our political life is a race for selfish control, and is fastening by legislation the chains of commercial and political serfdom. The welfare of the nation, or the prosperity of the masses has little place in our political controversy under these circumstances.

The alienation of taxable power is most easily shown in coal oil. South of the boundary it retails at ten cents a gallon, north it retails at 25 cents a gallon. The consumption is 19,000,000 gallons refined oil, of which about 11,000,000 is produced and 8,000,000 imported. The difference represents the taxable power. Fifteen cents on 19,000,000 gallons is \$2,850,000, of which the Government only receives \$400,000, or five cents a gallon on the eight million gallons imported. The strength of the

national Government depends upon keeping under its own control, so far as possible, the taxable power of the people. A strong national Government based upon wisdom and justice redounds to the welfare and comfort of the whole population. A national Government weakened by the alienation of its taxable power necessarily becomes subordinate to those influences that have absorbed the taxable power.

In the days of old, when chivalry was at its height, Robin Hood took from the rich and gave to the poor, and ran his risk of the gallows; in these days the reverse obtains, and

tribute is now levied on the poor and given to the rich by a system of legislation that is termed by the opponents of the system "legalized robbery." The people of Great Britain have learned the lesson, and the secret of their great strength in a national sense is the result of sound experience in governing, and broad principles in finance. To save the taxable power from undue private exploitation, so that the wealth of the country will respond to the requirements of revenue, for national strength in proportion to its acquisition is the duty of the hour in Canada.

C. A. Boulton.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.*

I. THE INFERNO.

THE place of Dante in the first rank of the literary men of the world is, like that of Homer and Shakespeare, established and unassailable. His great poem, called by him *La Commedia*, to which a sure human instinct has added *Divina*, is, by universal consent, one of the great possessions of the human race. It is called a comedy, Dante says in his dedication to Can Grande della Scala, because it "begins with adversity. . . . but its matter ends prosperously." The succession of visions recorded in this poem was granted to Dante on the intercession of Beatrice for the establishment of his faith, and for the removal of his doubts. He was to be conducted by Virgil first through the abodes of the lost and then through the place of purification; and, afterwards Beatrice was to guide him through the regions of the saved. The first (Hell) was the place of retribution and despair; the second (Purgatory) the place of cleansing and of hope; the third (Paradise) the place of fruition and of intimate communion with God.

Dante, writing in his thirty-fifth year, ("in the middle of the journey of our life") tells how he finds himself endeavouring to climb a mountain in order to escape from a forest in which he had become entangled. Here he was encountered by three beasts, a panther, a lion, and a she-wolf, (a reference to Jeremiah v. 6; cf. 1 John ii. 16) representing the vices of voluptuousness, pride and avarice; and in their second intention, Florence, France, and the Papal Court. Whilst overwhelmed with fear and losing all hope of ascending the mountain, Dante was met by Virgil who told him of his purpose to lead him first through the "spirits of old tormented," and next those "who dwell content in fire." After some hesitation he consents to accompany him whom he regards as his master (*il maestro*), and they arrive at the gate of hell.

Very remarkable and noteworthy is the inscription they found there. Every phrase of it deserves study.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye,

*The first of three papers by Professor William Clark, of Trinity College, Toronto.

Justice, the founder of my fabric moved,
To rear me was the work of power divine,
Supremest wisdom and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save
things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Let us remember we are here coming to the abode of the lost, the impenitent, the hopeless. We have no reason to doubt that Dante held the doctrine of his age and of the great doctors, like S. Thomas Aquinas. But we may also see in the pictures of misery which he presents to us, the fruits and consequences of sin in this life. In the case of the impenitent this loss is insuperable. In the second class, the dwellers in Purgatory, there is purification with the hope of bliss; and in Paradise fellowship with God. We have here represented what theologians call the punitive state, the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive.

We note here that the inscription declares Hell to be the work of Justice and of the Holy Trinity, represented by Power, Wisdom and Love. Hell is the first of created things, inasmuch as law enters along with existence and exists for ever.

In regard to the structure of hell, Dante departs to some extent from the theory of the school-men. They represented Hell and Purgatory as being beneath the earth, and divided into four compartments: 1. Hell, the abode of devils and the lost, the place of despair. 2. Purgatory, the place of penance and purification, adjacent to Hell, but different, the place of hope. 3. Limbus Infantum, the place of unbaptized children. 4. Limbus Patrum, or Abraham's bosom, inhabited by the righteous who died before Christ. They further taught that Heaven consisted of three parts: 1. The visible Heaven, or the firmament. 2. The spiritual Heaven, the abode of angels and saints. 3. The intellectual Heaven, where the blessed enjoy the vision of God.

Dante's representation is different. According to him, there is outside hell proper, but within the gate, a vestibule

occupied by the cowards and the undecided, hateful to heaven and hell alike. Hell itself is a conical gulf in the earth made by Lucifer when he was precipitated from heaven, and the making of this cavity within the earth caused the formation of a conical erection outside, which became the hill of purgatory. Within the inverted cone of hell there are nine circles in all, larger at the top and naturally narrowing as they descend. Sins resolve themselves into two great classes, those of infirmity, and those partaking of malice. Generally they are represented as the perversion of good and of man's powers. Sins of weakness are less heinous in their nature, but comprehend larger numbers of men and women. As, in the descent, they gain in intensity, they lose in extension; yet the subdivisions increase, for example, there are ten kinds of fraud.

The seven cardinal sins represented in the Inferno are: 1, Incontinence; 2, gluttony; 3, avarice; 4, anger; 5, heresy; 6, violence; 7, fraud. The sins are enumerated in a somewhat different manner, and in an inverse order, in the Purgatorio, as we shall see. But we return to the vestibule of the cowardly and undecided. Here all Dante's scorn and contempt breaks forth. If a sense of justice had not restrained him, his indignation would have sent them deeper. As it is, he brings out the loathsomeness of such a character. Dante would seem to have good authority for his estimate. We are all familiar with the passage in the song of Deborah in which Meroz is cursed because of the indifference of its inhabitants. Even more striking is the imagery in which the Lord of the Church sets forth his feeling of disgust towards lukewarm Laodicea, and if we may pass from these lofty heights to modern secular literature, we have in the "Tomlinson" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling an admirable and powerful picture of one who is "too bad for blessing and not bad enough for banning." It is of this class that Virgil speaks the words so often quoted: "Speak not of them, but look and pass them by." (*Non raggionam di*

loro, ma guarda e passa.) Dante adds :

"Forthwith
I understood, for certain, this the tribe
Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to His foes."

One figure was singled out for special notice, "the shade of him, who to base fear yielding abjured his high estate." (In the original the often quoted words, "*Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto*."*) The reference is generally supposed to be to Pope Celestine V., who gave up the papal throne from a sense of unworthiness. It was characteristic of Dante to lack sympathy with such a character. Still to ordinary mortals it is satisfactory to know that the Church took a more favourable view, for Celestine was canonized A.D. 1313.

They now came to the River Acheron, identified by Virgil with the Styx. Across this river the lost are ferried by Charon. The sights and sounds of horror, the earthquake and lightning flame which followed, Dante says, "all my senses conquered," and he dropped down, "as one with sudden slumber seized." But he was awakened by "a crash of heavy thunder" which "broke the deep slumber in my brain"; and now he found himself on the brink of the "lamentable vale." In the first circle he finds the Limbus of the unbaptized, those who have been guilty of no wilful sin against God. With a fine discrimination Dante represents those dwelling in Limbus as suffering no torments, but only experiencing longings which are never satisfied. Even if we do not follow Dante in his picture of the unseen world, we have here a striking representation of the longing of the world without God. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." And there is a hint given that the doors of Limbus are not hermetically sealed. Virgil gives an account of the visit of "a puissant one," who had removed some from that place (a reference to 1 Peter iii. 19). They soon encounter a band of five poets, from Homer downwards. Dante is admitted to their number, and Virgil being one, he be-

comes the seventh. Next they encounter heroes and sages, and pre-eminent among the latter, the great Aristotle whom Dante describes as "il maestro di color che sanno" (the master of those who know), a grand phrase which Cary translates, not with his accustomed felicity, "the master of the sapient throng."*

We now come to the second circle, containing the first class of sinners, those guilty of concupiscence, passion, incontinence. Minos examines those who enter, and determines their place. We note here, of Dante, in his intercourse with the lost, the union of pity and compassion with inexorable justice. With profound insight he represents the occupants of this circle, the incontinent, as tossed about incessantly in the dark air, and swept along by hurricanes.

"Now gin the rueful wailings to be heard,
Now am I come where many a plaining
voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there
groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By waving winds—the stormy blast of hell,
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore
annoy.

When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
Their shrieks are heard, their lamentations,
moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good power in
heaven,
I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
Reason by lust is swayed."

Of all the inhabitants of the second circle there were two who principally attracted the attention of Dante, and whose names are familiar to all students of the *Commedia*, Francesca da Rimini and her lover and brother-in-law, Paolo, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. Loving Paolo, she had been married against her will to his brother Lanciotto, who one day surprised them and slew them. Francesca tells the pathetic story to Dante, feeling the pain of it :

*On the whole, the writer has no hesitation in regarding Cary's translation of Dante as the best representation of the original.

"No greater grief than to remember days
of grief when misery is at hand."

These beautiful words have often been imitated, by Italian poets, by Chaucer in his "*Troilus and Crescide*" (xiv. 100), but by none more nobly than by Tennyson in "*Locksley Hall*".

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

The humanity of the story comes out in several parts. Thus in all the grief and suffering of Francesca it was a satisfaction to know that she would never be separated from Paolo. Telling the story of their love, she says :

"Then he who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed."

So, in speaking of the husband and brother, who had killed them, she says :

"Love brought us to one death : *Caïna* waits
The soul who spilt our life."

Lanciotto, at least, was doomed to *Caïna* in the lowest hell.

They next pass on to the third circle in which the second form of sensual sin, gluttony, is punished. The gluttons, certainly including the drunkards, although these are not mentioned by name, are condemned to lie in the mire under a heavy storm of hail, snow, and discoloured water. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog of hell, "barks as a dog."

"He tears the spirits, flays them, and their
limbs piecemeal disparts," while they lie
"howling,"

as :

"Curs under the rainy deluge."

The sin of avarice, together with that of prodigality, is punished in the fourth circle. Here are two different sides of the same order of evil. This circle is appropriately guarded by *Plutus*, the god of wealth. When we remember that Aristotle ascribes a worse character to avarice than to prodigality, and that this is the popular judgment, we may venture to attribute a deeper insight to Dante, who represents both

classes as rolling great weights and smiting against each other, hurling mutual reproaches of giving and withholding, without attempting to adjust the balance of guiltiness.

From these they pass on to the fifth circle, in which is the fourth form of sin, the Stygian lake of hatred and sadness, the sin of anger. Here the irascible and the sullen are immured. Only a few lines are given to these forms of evil, but how striking they are. Here is violent anger :

"A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betokening rage. They with their hands
alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast,
the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their
fangs."

And thus the sullen, lying in slime, are represented as describing themselves :

"Sad once were we
In the sweet air made glad some by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within :
Now in these murky settlements are we sad."

With anger pride is associated, and rightly. Moreover, pride was regarded by the great doctors as the very essence of sin ; and this is perhaps the reason why it has no special place here, as in the *Purgatorio*. Here the forms of evil are punished ; there the principles are purged away.

We now come to the city of *Dis* (*Lucifer*), the beginning of the lower Hell, in which the more heinous sins, those of malice, are punished. In the sixth circle we meet with something intermediate between infirmity and malice, the sin of *Heresy*. The description of this circle extends over four cantos. The heretics are thrust into fiery tombs, not to be closed until the day of judgment. From beneath the coverings of the tombs, suspended above them, there come the moans of tortured spirits of heresiarchs and their followers. Dante meets here with some whom he had known on earth, *e.g.*, *Farinata degli Uberti*, insolent and heretical, assuming a superiority, a reproach which the poet flung back upon him—in both cases, a reminiscence of some experiences on earth.

In the seventh circle we come upon the sixth class of sins, that of malice; there are several divisions. First we come to the violent malicious (Cantos xii. to xvi.); and these are divided into three classes. The descent is by a precipitous chasm, formed by the earthquake which convulsed hell at the descent of our Lord thither, when He came to carry "off from Dis the mighty Spoil." They came to the river of blood, in which those are punished who have injured others by violence. The three rounds of the violent are those guilty of violence, first, to their neighbours; secondly, to themselves; thirdly, to God; and in each case it may be either to person or to property. 1. First come murderers and tyrants in a torrent of boiling blood (1) Alexander, Attila, etc.; (2) robbers, etc. 2. Next come, in the second class (1) suicides, (2) gamblers. Under this head he incidentally inveighs against envy:

"The harlot who ne'er turned her gloating eyes
From Caesar's household, common vice and pest."

Dante confessed to much pride in himself, although but little envy; and he is specially bitter in his denunciation of this vice as that which had chiefly contributed to his expulsion from Florence. 3. The third kind of violence is that which is committed against God; and the two classes of offenders are (1) blasphemers, and (2) sinners against Nature and against Art. Among the first they met Capaneus, one of the seven kings of Thebes, who "held God in disdain," presenting an example of inveterate rebellion. "Such," he says:

"Such as I was
When living, dead such now I am."

And here sin is seen in the punishment of sin. The sin against Nature is represented by Brunetto Latini, a friend and teacher of Dante; and here come out his affectionate remembrances of all the man's excellences, coupled with condemnation of his sin; and he would rather dwell upon

"the dear benign paternal image, such as thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me;"

than upon the darker side of his history. Last in the seventh circle came the usurers.

This brings us to the eighth circle in which and in the following and last is the seventh form of sin. Fraud is punished (Cantos xvii. to xxxii.) Arriving at the torrent of Phlegethon, they are carried across by the ruler of the fraudulent, Geryon, a personification of fraud, whose appearance agrees with his character. Like the Centaurs and the Harpies, he combines the forms of man and beast—a man above and a creeping snake and deadly scorpion below. His face is that of a righteous man, kind and gracious, his body that of a speckled serpent. "That image vile of fraud" is thus described:

"His face the semblance of a just man's wore,
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
The rest was serpent all; two shaggy claws
Reached to the armpits, and the back and heart,
And either side were painted o'er with nodes
And orbits. Colours variegated more
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state
With interchangeable embroidery wove,
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom. . .
So on the rim that fenced the sand with rock
Sat perched the fiend of evil. In the void
Glancing his tail upturned its venomous fork,
With sting-like scorpions armed." (xvii. 7 H.)

The eighth circle is divided into ten gulfs or pits, and presents various differences from the seventh which contained the violent. (1) These were placed on a wide plain, the fraudulent are sunk in deep trenches; and the craftier they had been, the deeper the cleft. (2) The holes are hewn in rocks hard as iron, as if to show that a more hardened heart is needed for fraud than for violence. (3) In the upper circles the passage is from left to right; here they are from right to left, as showing a more tortuous character. There are in this circle no fewer than ten circular and concentric trenches, showing the numerous varieties of fraud.

These ten trenches are peopled as follows: (1) By the seducers of women and panderers, marching along in opposite directions, scourged and lashed

by horned demons. (2) By flatterers, buried to the mouth in horrid filth, flattery being a more hidden evil. The flatterers, like dogs, licked filth on earth, and are therefore condemned to a like punishment. (3) Next come Simonians, followers of Simon Magus, trafficking in sacred things, here plunged head foremost into burning holes, their feet projecting. (xix. 26.) Dante regards their punishment with great satisfaction. Although several popes are among them, Dante disowns all disrespect to the papal see. (l. 104.) (4) In the fourth trench are soothsayers, astrologers and those who, by unlawful means, pried into the future, who are now condemned to have their faces turned, looking backwards. (5) Next come corrupt officials, barterers, or public peculators. Dante's experience of Florence taught him; but Lucca, he says, was worse. (6) Next come the hypocrites, walking with downcast eyes, golden outside, leaden within. Among these are Caiaphas, Annas and other members of the Jewish Sanhedrim, trodden on by all who pass. (7) Next are thieves tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. (xxiv. 89.) (8) Next are evil counsellors, men who have put their talents to bad purpose in misleading others by their advice. They are hidden within the flames from which their voices come forth. In one of these sheets of flame, parted at the summit, are the souls of Ulysses and Diomedes, devisers of the wooden horse. (9) Next come sowers of schism and strife, children of the devil, as the peace-makers are children of God. A demon hews their bodies asunder and cuts off their tongues and hands. The body of Mahomet is rent from head to foot. (10) Last in this circle are forgers and coiners, liars and calumniators, and impersonators. Coiners are in the last agony of dropsy; calumniators are in

burning fever, abusing and striking one another.

The ninth and last circle is still occupied with the sin of fraud, but in a yet more malignant form. We have here traitors and abusers of confidence. The sinners here appear as giants because of the greatness of their sins. They are immured in four chasms (1) Caina, where are betrayers of relatives; (2) Antenora—traitors to their country; (3) Ptolomea—deceivers under the form of kindness; (4) Giudecca—betrayers of benefactors. In the midst of them Lucifer. The Coeytus, the fourth river in Hell, here forms a vast sea of ice. It "liker seemed to glass than water." In this frozen lake the worst sinners are imprisoned, the icy cold representing selfishness and isolation. The sufferers regard each other with mutual rage and hatred. In Giudecca, Satan is at the centre of the gulf, with wings like the sails of a gigantic windmill, freezing all around. At the centre of the earth he is wedged in eternal ice, half of his form toward his awful kingdom, while his legs protrude towards the southern hemisphere. He has three faces, symbolic of the three kinds of sin, and of the three powers which prevent Italy and man from realizing their destiny. In each of his three mouths he champs a sinner; in the middle one, Judas, the betrayer of Christ; in the two others Brutus and Cassius, the murderers of Cæsar. Here we see Dante's Ghibelline tendencies.

In this great poem there is much material for thought. Dante is indeed a preacher of righteousness, who has the deepest insight into the things of man, and the things of God. He has received the homage of the best and the wisest of men for many centuries, and we may do well to try our own spiritual vision and insight by our success in wrestling with his thoughts.

William Clark.



PIERRE RADISSON, BUSHRANGER.

BY BECKLES WILLSON.

NOTE.—In the May number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE were described the exploits of Radisson and Groseilliers, the two fur-traders to whom the inception of the Hudson's Bay Company is due. It will be recalled that they captured Fort Nelson (afterwards York Factory), and carried off the English, their former associates, prisoners to a French fort. But in spite of this betrayal, Radisson seems to have hankered after the Company's good-will and employment. He soon afterwards returned to France, leaving Chouart, his nephew, in charge of Fort Bourbon. These chapters, full of highly important unpublished material, form part of the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, shortly to be published under the title of "The Great Company."

LORD PRESTON who held in the year 1684 the post of Ambassador Extraordinary of King Charles II. at the Court of Versailles, was advised of the return to Paris of the bushranger Radisson in these terms:

"My Lord: It has just reached our ears and that of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Governor of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, that the person who has caused all the recent trouble in the Hudson's Bay regions whereby our merchants have suffered so much at the hands of the French, is at this moment in Paris. As it is much in the interests of the nation as

of the company that there should be no repetition of these encroachments and disturbances it might be advantageous for your Lordship to see this Mr. Radisson who, it is believed, could be brought over again to our service if he were so entreated by your Lordship. His Royal Highness, together with the other Honourable partners, are con-



RE-DRAWN FROM A RARE OLD PARIS PRINT.

PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON.

vinced from his previous conduct that it matters little to Mr. Radisson under whose standard he serves, and that, besides, he is secretly well-disposed toward us, and this in spite of his late treacherous exploits which have given great offence to the nation and damage to the Company."

This private note was signed by Sir

John Hayes and Mr. Young on behalf of the company. On its receipt by Lord Preston, he at once sent an emissary, Captain Godey, to seek out Radisson and make overtures to him. On the third floor of a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, surrounded by a number of his relations and boon companions, the dual traitor was discovered, deeply engaged in drinking healths and in retailing his adventures to the applause of an appreciative circle. Upon the walls and mantelpiece of the apartment and such meagre furniture as it boasted, were disposed numerous relics and trophies, bespeaking a thirty years' career in the Transatlantic wilderness.

"Radisson himself," remarks Godey, "was apparelled more like a savage than a Christian. His black hair, just touched with grey, hung in a wild profusion about his bare neck and shoulders. He showed a swart complexion, seamed and pitted by frost and exposure in a rigorous climate. A huge scar, wrought by the tomahawk of a drunken Indian, disfigured his left cheek. His whole costume was surmounted by a wide collar of marten's skin; his feet were adorned by buckskin moccasins. In his leather belt was sheathed a long knife." Such was the picture presented by this uncouth, adventurous Huguenot, not merely in the seclusion of his own lodgings, but to the polished and civilized folk of Paris of the seventeenth century. What were the projects harboured in this indomitable man's mind? In spite of his persistent intrigues it is to be doubted if he, any more than Médard Chouart des Groseilliers, was animated by more than a desire to pursue an exciting and adventurous career. Habitually holding out for the best terms, he does not appear to have saved money when it was acquired, but spent it freely. When he died he was in receipt of a pension from the Company, so far insufficient to provide for his manner of living that they were forced to pay his remaining debts.

Unabashed by the surroundings thus presented to him, Captain Godey an-

nounced himself, shook hands with the utmost cordiality with Radisson, and pleaded to be allowed to join in the convivial proceedings then in progress. The better to evince his sincerity, without further ceremony he accepted and drank as full a bumper of bad brandy and applauded with as much heartiness as any man of the party, the truly astonishing tales of their host.

Godey was the last of the guests to depart.

"Look you," said he, when he and Radisson were alone together, "you, monsieur, are a brave man, and it does not become the brave to harbour vengeance. Nor does it become a brave nation to think hardly of any man because of his bravery, even though that nation itself be a sufferer. You know," he pursued, "what is said about you in England?"

Radisson interrupted his guest by protesting with suspicious warmth that he neither knew nor cared anything about such a matter.

"It is said, then," answered Godey, "that you have been a traitor to the king, and that there is no authority or defence for your conduct. You and Groseilliers, whilst professing friendship for the English Company have done them great injury, and endangered the peace between the two crowns."

To this Radisson made rejoinder:

"I am sorry; but all that I and my brother-in-law have done, is to be laid at the door of the Hudson's Bay Company. We wished honestly to serve them, but they cast us away as being no longer useful, when now they see what it is they have done, and how foolishly they have acted in listening to the counsels of Governor Bridgar. We really bear them no ill-will, neither the company nor his Royal Highness."^{*}

^{*}In "Radisson's Relation" there occurs the following passage:

"I acknowledge the disappointment I felt at being obliged to leave the English service on account of the ill-treatment I had received and that I would not be sorry to return, being in a better position than before to render service to the king and nation if justice were done me and my services recognized."



DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY ARTHUR HEMING.

RADISSON IN PARIS.

"The dual traitor was discovered, deeply engaged in drinking healths and in retailing his adventures to the applause of an appreciative circle."

The gallant emissary reported the tenor of this conversation forthwith to his master, and both were agreed as to the sort of man they had to deal with. Godey expressed himself convinced that there would be little difficulty in inducing Radisson to return to the Company's service. On this advice Preston at once wrote off to Mr. Young telling him not to further press the Company's memorial to the king, nor to seek to have the French court take cognizance of and award recompense for the wrongs done the English interests. "Radisson has done this thing out of his own head, and he is the one man competent to undo it. He is, I learn, well-disposed to the English, and there is no reason if proper overtures be made him, why he should not do more for the English interests in that region than he has yet done."

At the same time La Barre, the French governor, was urged to make the most strenuous efforts to retain the advantages gained for the French by the two adventurers. A royal despatch of August 5th, 1683, and signed by Louis himself, runs as follows :

"I recommend you to prevent the English as much as possible from establishing themselves in Hudson's Bay, possession whereof was taken in my name several years ago ; and as Colonel d'Unguent,* appointed Governor of New York by the King of England, has had precise orders on the part of the said king to maintain good correspondence with us and carefully to avoid whatever may interrupt it, I

doubt not the difficulties you have experienced will cease for the future."

Louis was by no means desirous of rendering the position of his fellow monarch over the Channel uncomfortable. He was disposed to yield in a small matter when he had his own way in most of the large ones. Had Charles yielded to French representations about Port Nelson he would have given

great offence to his brother the Duke of York. Indeed, there is little doubt that had the Company not boasted members of such distinction or the patronage of royalty, the French would have at this juncture forced their demands and overwhelmed the

* This is M. de la Barre's quaint fashion of spelling Dongan.



PRINCE RUPERT.

From the Painting of Sir Peter Lely in Hudson's Bay House, London.

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English possession. Radisson appears to have got wind of the situation and this was, perhaps, to him a greater argument for returning to the service of the power likely to be most permanent in Hudson's Bay. He, however, hung about idle in Paris for some weeks in a state of indecision. Had M. de Seignely exerted his full powers of persuasion, he might have induced our bushranger to remain in the service of Louis. But no such inducement was offered. There is some reason to believe that M. de Seignely undervalued Radisson; but in any case the apathy of the court influenced his actions.

The bushranger was, on the other hand, exhorted to return to his first engagement with the English, Lord Preston assuring him that if he could in reality execute what he proposed he would receive in

England from his Majesty, from his Royal Highness, from the Company, and from the nation "every sort of good treatment and entire satisfaction." The Duke's especial protection was also guaranteed. Our not too punctilious hero at length made up his mind as to the course he would pursue.

"I yielded," says he, "to these solicitations and determined to go to England forever, and so strongly bind myself to his Majesty's service, and to that of those interested in the nation, that no other cause could ever detach me from it."

But in order that he might have an excuse for his conduct, the very day that

he arrived at this decision he is found writing to the French Minister demanding a certain grant in the north-west of Canada as an alternative to a former proposal that "in consideration of his former discoveries, voyages and services he should be given every fourth beaver, trapped or otherwise caught in those territories." M. de Seignely had no suspicion of the depth of Radisson's duplicity. The minister thought him "a vain man, much given to boasting, who could do much harm, and had therefore best have his vanity tickled at home."

Up to the very eve of his departure, April 24, 1684, he is seen to be a daily attendant on the minister or his subor-

ordinates of the Department of Marine and Commerce. He is not always favoured with an audience; but when listened to speaks vaguely of fitting out and equipping vessels for

trade on voyages similar to those he had already undertaken. His *naïveté*, to use no harsher term, is remarkable.

"In order," says he, "that they should not suspect anything by my sudden absence, I told them I was obliged to take a short trip into the country on friendly family matters. I myself made good use of this time to go to London."

He arrived in the English capital on the 10th of May, and immediately paid his respects to Mr. Young. The project for regaining possession of York Factory was canvassed. Radisson estimated that there would be between fifteen and twenty thousand beaver skins in



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

A DOG CARIOLE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

the hands of his nephew, awaiting shipment. The partners appeared more than satisfied, and Radisson met with a most cordial reception. He was assured that the company had entire confidence in him, and that their greatest regret was that there had been any misunderstanding between them. They would, it was declared on their behalf, make all amends in their power.

For a few weeks the Hudson's Bay bushranger found himself a lion. He was presented to the king in the course of a *levee*. Charles listened with the very greatest assumption of interest to

law. He was not wont to dress so when he was last here, but he has got him a new coat with much lace upon it, which he wears with his leather breeches and shoes. His hair is a perfect tangle. It is said he has made an excellent fortune for himself."

After a number of conferences with the partners, Radisson finally departed from Gravesend on May 17. Three ships set sail, that in which Radisson was embarked being named "The Happy Return." The elements being favourable, the little fleet reached the Straits more speedily than usual. The



A VISIT TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF INDIANS.

Reproduced from West's "Journal during a residence at the Red River Colony 1820-3."

the adventurer's account of himself, and to his asseverations of loyalty and good will. Radisson in the evening was taken to the play-house in the suite of his Royal Highness, and there by his bizarre attire attracted almost as much attention amongst the audience as the play itself.

"To the Duke's Play-house," writes John Selwyn to his wife, "where Radisson, the American fur-hunter, was in the Royal box. Never was such a combination of French, English and Indian savage as Sir John Kirke's son-in-

chief figure of this expedition, who had never borne a part in any joint enterprise without being animated by jealousy and distrust, found here ample scope for the exercise of his characteristic vices. During nearly the entire period of the voyage he evinced a perpetual and painful apprehension that one of the other ships carrying officials and servants of the company would, with malicious intentions, arrive before him.

His first concern on awaking in the morning was to be assured that the



MAP OF YORK FACTORY.

Reproduced from an old engraving in Robson's "Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay."

companion vessels were in sight, and although the "Happy Return" was the most sluggish sailor of the trio, yet to such good purpose were plied the bushranger's energies and promises that her commander's seamanship made her a capital match for the others.

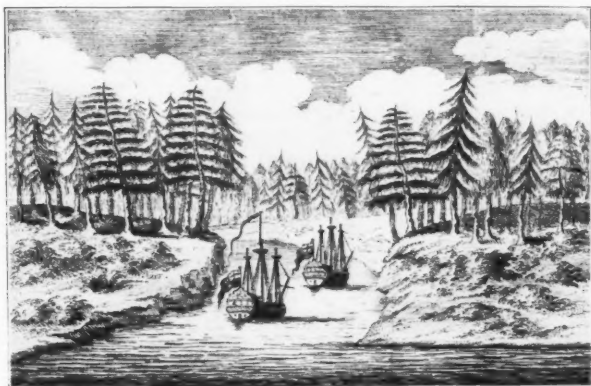
But just before their destination was

reached contrary winds, currents and masses of floating ice brought about a separation, and Radisson began to be assailed more than ever by the fear that the English servants would arrive on the ground, overwhelm his nephew and the other French without his assistance, and thus frustrate all his plans for claiming sole credit. And in truth this fear was very nearly justified. Twenty leagues from Port Nelson the ship got blocked amidst the masses of ice, and progress, except at a raft's pace, became out of the question. In this dilemma, Radisson demanded of the captain a small boat and seven men. His request being granted, it was launched, and after undergoing forty-eight hours' fatigue, without rest

or sleep, the entrance to Nelson River was reached. Imagine Radisson's surprise, as well as that of his companions, on beholding two ships at anchor, upon one of which a complete stranger to them, floated the Royal Standard of England.

It was the English frigate which had

entered at Port Nelson. The other ship was the "Alert," commanded by Captain Outlaw, having brought out the company's new governor, William Phipps, the previous season. Radisson boldly headed his boat for this vessel, and when he drew near, perceived Bridgar's successor, with all his people in arms on the quarter-deck. The Governor, in a loud voice,



THE WINTERING CREEK IN HAY'S RIVER.

From an old print in Ellis' "Voyage to Hudson's Bay in 1746."

instantly demanded to know who Radisson was. Upon his making himself and his allegiance known, they decided to permit him to board the Company's ship. The bushranger first made it his care to be informed how the land lay, and he was inwardly rejoiced to learn that the Governor and his men had not dared to land out of fear of the French and Indians, who were considered hostile to the English interests. This was precisely the situation Radisson most desired; a thought seems to have struck him that after all, his nephew, Chouart, might prove intractable, and by no means so easily won over as he had anticipated. It therefore behooved him to act with adroitness and circumspection. Taking with him two men, Radisson proceeded up country in the direction of the abandoned York Factory, hourly hoping that they might discover something, or at least they should make someone hear or see a friendly Indian by firing musket shots or making a smoke. The attempt was not fruitless, as he tells us, for after a while they perceived ten canoes with Indians coming down the river. At first, he says, "I thought some Frenchmen might be with them, whom my nephew might have sent to discover who the new arrivals were." Upon this supposition Radisson severed himself from his comrades and going to meet the savages he made the usual signs to them from the bank, which the Indians at first seemed to respond to in no amiable spirit. Albeit, on addressing them in their own tongue, he was immediately recognized, the Indians testifying by shouts and playful postures to their joy at his arrival. He quickly learned from them that his nephew and the other Frenchmen were above the rapids, four leagues from the place where they then were. They had expected Groseilliers would accompany Radisson, and when they expressed surprise that this was not the case, Radisson did not scruple to tell them that Groseilliers awaited him at a short distance.

"But what," asked Radisson, "are you doing here? What brings you

into this part of the country and in such numbers?"

The savage leader's sudden confusion betrayed him to Radisson. The circumstance of the Indians voluntarily seeking trade with the English greatly simplified the situation.

"Look you," said he heartily, at the same time calling to Captain Geyer, who was in ambush hard by, "I am glad to find you seeking trade with the English. I have made peace with the English for the love of our Indian brothers; you, they and I are to be henceforth only one. Embrace us therefore in token of peace; this (pointing to Geyer) is your new brother. Go immediately to your son at the fort yonder and carry him these tidings and the proofs of peace. Tell him to come and see me at this place, while the others will wait for me at the mouth of the river."

It should be mentioned that the chief of this band had previously announced himself as young Chouart's sire, according to the Indian custom. He now readily departed on his mission.

Radisson, as may be imagined, passed an anxious night. The sun had been risen some hours before his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a canoe in which he descried Chouart. The young man's countenance wore, as well it might, an expression of profound amazement; and at first hardly the bare civilities of relationship passed between the pair. Chouart waited patiently for his uncle to render an explanation of the news which had reached him. Silently and slowly they walked together, and after a time the prince of liars, traitors, adventurers and bushrangers began his account of his position.

Radisson states that his nephew immediately acquiesced in his scheme. A memoir penned in 1702, the year of Radisson's death, by M. Barthier of Quebec asserts that the young man received with the utmost disgust and flatly declined to entertain his relative's proposals. He expressed on the other hand the greatest grief on hearing the news; for he had begun to

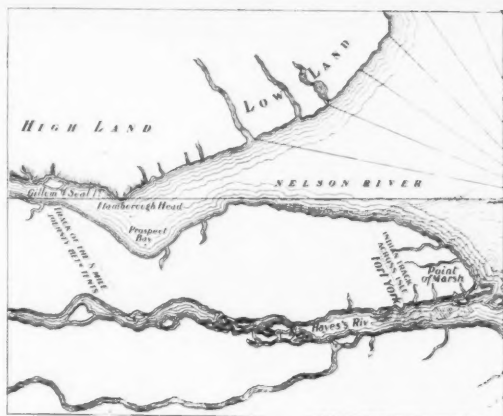
believe that it was through their efforts that the dominion of the king had been extended in that region. Now it appeared that this labour had all been in vain. It was only his love for his mother, Radisson's sister, which prevented an open rebellion on the part of Chouart against the proposed treachery.

No rupture took place; the stronger and more crafty spirit prevailed. Chouart surrendered on the following day his command of the fort. He had, he complained expected a far different fate for the place and his men. The tattered old *fleur de lis* standard brought by the *St. Anne's* captain from Quebec was lowered and the English emblem with the device of the company, run up in its stead. All the forces were assembled and amidst cheers for King Charles and the Honourable Adventurers, the Company's Governor took formal possession.

But the French bushrangers and sailors watched these proceedings with melancholy dissatisfaction, not perhaps as much from patriotic motives as from the frailty of their own tenure. They could no longer be assured of a livelihood amongst so many English, who bore themselves with so haughty a mien.

Radisson proceeded to make an inventory of all the skins on hand, together with all those concealed in *caches* in the woods. The results showed 239 packages of beaver, or about 12,000 skins together with merchandise sufficient to barter for seven or eight thousand more. Instructions were now given by Radisson, the Governor remaining passive, to have all these goods taken in canoes to the ships.

It now only remained for the bushranger to accomplish only one other object before setting sail with the cargo for England. Radisson speaks of himself as having a secret commission,



MAP SHOWING YORK FACTORY ON HAY'S RIVER.

Redrawn from a map in Robson's "Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay."

but I can find no authority for his statement. It involved the retention in the company's service of his nephew and the other Frenchmen, and even assuming that Radisson were armed with any such instructions, the plan was not likely to enjoy the approval of Governor Phipps who, if he were at the outset of his term of office, determined upon any one thing, it was that Port Nelson should be cleared of Frenchmen. Exactly how this was to be transacted was not quite clear, especially as there was yet no open rupture between the two authorities. But for such a rupture they had not long to wait. They were destined on the very eve of his departure to be involved in a quarrel.

Some years before an Assiniboine chief named Ka-chou-touay had taken Radisson to his bosom and adopted him as his son with all the customary ceremonies. This formidable chief who had been at war with a neighbouring tribe at the time of his adopted son's arrival in the country, now put in an appearance. Instead of the joy Radisson expected it was with reproaches that he was greeted. Ka-chou-touay informed him that a brother chief of his, named La Barbé, with one of his sons had been killed while expos-

tulating with a party of English. The consequences of this rash action might be so grave that Radisson felt it to be his duty to resort to the Governor and demand that his servants should be punished for the crime, or else he would not be answerable for the consequences. The Governor does not appear to have taken Radisson's demand in good part, declining altogether to intervene in the matter. The other now proceeded to commands and threats. He asserted that as long as he remained in the country the Governor was his subordinate, which greatly angered that official and high words passed.

The task the Governor had set himself was by no means easy, especially if he wished to avoid bloodshed. But the plan of overpowering and disarming the French was finally accomplished through strategy. All were escorted aboard the ship, even to Chouart himself, and on the fourth of September sail was set.

On this voyage Radisson's state of mind rivalled that which he had experienced when outward bound. His late anxiety to be the first upon the scene at Port Nelson was paralleled now by his desire to be first in London. If, happily, the company should first hear an account of what had transpired from himself he felt convinced full measure of justice would be done him. If, on the other hand, Governor Phipps' relation were first received there was no knowing how much prejudice might be raised against him.

Great as was his impatience he managed to hide it with adroitness, so that none save his nephew suspected the intention he shortly executed. The captain, crew and company's servants left the ship leisurely at Portsmouth. Those going up to London lingered for the coach, but not so with Radisson, who instantly made his way to the post-house, where he hired a second-rate steed, mounted it and without the courtesy of an adieu to his late comrades, broke into a gallop, hardly restrained until London bridge was reached.

His arrival took place close upon

midnight, but late as was the hour he took no thought of securing lodging or of apprizing his wife of his advent. He spurred on his stumbling horse to the dwelling of Mr. Young, in Wood Street, Cheapside. The honourable adventurer had retired for the night, but, nevertheless, in gown and night-cap welcomed Radisson with great cordiality. He listened, we are told, with the greatest interest and satisfaction to the bushranger's tale, garnished with details of his own marvellous prowess and zeal for the company. Nor, perhaps, was Radisson less satisfied when, on attaining his own lodging, he pondered on the day's exploits. He slumbered little, and at eleven o'clock Young was announced, and was ushered in, declaring that he had already been to Whitehall and apprized the Court of the good news. His Majesty and his Royal Highness had expressed a wish to see Radisson, the hero of these great doings, and Young was accordingly brought to escort the bushranger into the Royal presence. It was a triumph, but a short-lived one. Radisson had hardly left the precincts of the Court, his ears still ringing with the praises of King and courtiers, than the Deputy-Governor, Mr. Dering, received Phipps' account of the affair, which was almost as unfair to Radisson and the part he had played in the re-capture of Port Nelson, as Radisson's own account was flattering.

On the receipt of the report, a General Court of the Adventurers was held on September 26th. By the majority of members the bushranger was hardly likely to be accorded full justice, for great offence had been given by his presentation at Court and the extremely informal manner of his arrival. Despite the friendliness of Hayes, Young and several other partners, Radisson was suspended from any active employment in the Company's service. Not long afterwards, I find him in receipt of a pension of ten pounds a month from the Company, which he continued to enjoy for many years to the time of his death at Islington, in 1702.

To be Continued.

BIRDS OF THE GARDEN.*

I.—SPRING.

EACH spring many birds return from far Central America to our north land where they were born and where they will this season raise their own young. The marvellous instinct which guides them in their great immigration has been a matter of wonder and conjecture to men from time immemorial. We know now nearly where each species goes to spend the summer and winter, the time of their arrival at their destinations and at many points on their road, the routes by which they travel, and their rate of travelling. All this has been carefully observed and recorded; but how they are guided on their course and why they should leave the far south and pass over what would appear to be suitable localities to reach the far north merely for nesting purposes is a still unsolved mystery.

THE ROBIN.

Two of our familiar birds whose coming is eagerly looked for are the robin and the blue bird. They always arrive by the end of the first week in March. If, however, the weather should be mild the pioneers may reach us by the end of February. These are both very hardy birds whose winter distribution is governed by the food supply rather than the temperature. The bulk of the robins winter in Louisiana and in eastern and southern Texas; but some stay all through their summer range wherever they find a sufficiency of berries hanging to the trees through the winter. Even in southern Ontario some few always remain wherever they can find shelter and feed. At this season they are generally very subdued and only show themselves in the open on very fine days. It is these winter birds whose appearance in January and February

generally produces the "early robin" paragraph in our daily papers. These birds do not fare so well as those that go south. Their plumage is always noticeably dingy, the red breast is decidedly bricky, and the black cap dull and rusty, in marked contrast with their southern friends whose Easter clothing has been acquired before they arrive.

The earliest robins to arrive are usually adult males. These are followed about a week later by the main body, and our woods, gardens and orchards are then full of them for a few days. But they soon hurry on and distribute themselves over the country; so that by the first of April the great majority of them have settled down into their summer quarters. No sooner have they done so than they select their nesting site and commence building operations. I have seen nests completed on the 23rd of April.

The nest is a bulky structure composed of all sorts of material plastered together with mud and lined with dead grass. It may be placed anywhere. I have found them in all sorts of places from the top of a tree down to the lowest rail of an old snake fence and there seems to be no particular desire for concealment on the part of the birds. Four or five beautiful greenish-blue eggs are laid and the robins will produce two broods each season.

Young robins appear to be about the most imbecile little creatures in the feathered world. As soon as they gain a little strength in their awkward baby legs they are sure to climb up on the edge of the nest and from there topple over to the ground. When this occurs about our towns and villages the vagrant cats grow sleek. The parent robins at this period are kept in

*The first of a series of three articles on the commoner Canadian birds. Each will be illustrated from drawings specially made for the use of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

a continued state of agitation and fuss over their truants. No doubt they mean well, but if they would learn to be quiet about their troubles they would find it better for them. As it is their useless scolding and noise only attracts attention to their helpless youngsters who would be unnoticed if the old birds were silent.

From the time the robins first arrive until the strawberries are ripe they are most assiduous in well doing. Their food consisting entirely of insects and such berries as may remain on the bushes from the previous autumn. When the first brood of young have attained full size and are able to supply their own wants, the strawberries are also just fit for use and the robins soon find it out and act accordingly.

THE BLUE BIRD.

Some years ago the blue bird was one of the most abundant and perhaps the most familiar of the birds that frequent our gardens and orchards. Its gentle ways, beautiful plumage and charming song rendered it a favourite everywhere. It had attained almost the same degree of popularity and immunity from persecution as the real robin of Europe, but for some reason it has almost deserted us lately. We see and hear them pass over us in early spring, and they occasionally drop down and remain

with us for a few days if the weather is unfavourable for travelling, but they soon pass on again and only a few pairs remain to occupy the old nesting-holes. Where they go to spend their summer I have not yet been able to ascertain. Their course from Toronto is north-easterly in the spring, and in the autumn they return from that direction and go south-westerly from here, on a course about parallel with the shore of Lake Ontario.

The blue bird's average winter range is about the same as that of the robin, but it is very rarely that any stragglers are to be found north of latitude 39 in the cold season, and none ever stay in Ontario. They evidently require a larger proportion of insect food at all times than the robin, and are, therefore, obliged to resort in winter to the south where the cold is not severe

and the ground not liable to be covered with snow. They are hardy birds, however, and when, as sometimes happens after their arrival here, they meet with severe weather and heavy snow storms, they adapt themselves to circumstances and get what nourishment they can from sumach berries and such dormant insects as their sharp eyes may discover about the bark of trees in sheltered places.

In the days when the blue birds stayed



FIRST BIRD OF SPRING—THE ROBIN.

with us they would build their nests in any hole or crevice about the premises that came handy. The deserted winter home of the little downy woodpecker bored in an old fence stake was a favourite location; so too was a hole in an apple tree. I have more than once seen the letter-box hung on a gate used. These same nesting-places were occupied year after year probably by the same pair of birds, or at any rate one of them, and so tame and confiding were they that the females would allow themselves to be stroked while sitting, without exhibiting either fear or displeasure. The eggs, four or five in number, are very pale blue.

Young blue birds are very much wiser than young robins and do not often leave the nest until they have acquired sufficient wing power to enable them to avoid all four-footed enemies.

But before leaving the nest they are liable to be destroyed by that nimble little pirate, the red squirrel; this little beast is quite carnivorous and seems to be as fond of young birds as a professional invalid is of spring chicken.

THE SONG SPARROW.

A few days after the first robins and blue birds have come we shall see and hear the song sparrow, the most abundant of that large class of birds com-

monly known throughout the country as grey birds, but which may be distinguished from all the others, when he allows you a clear front view, by the dark blotch on the breast. While these little creatures are not by any means wild, yet they are unobtrusive and of secretive habits. If not too closely approached they will mount to the topmost twig of a bush on the lawn and sing; but an unguarded movement will cause them to drop like

a stone to the ground and in a second they disappear among the roots and dead leaves which they closely resemble, and through which they wriggle and twist like mice.

A few days after the scouts appear the bulk of this species arrives. They at once select their summer quarters and settle their love affairs. During the few days of courtship the

birds are more easily observed than at any other time. They then lay aside their hiding propensities and the little males in their anxiety to please their demure brown sweethearts will go through all sorts of antics, frequently springing up into the air on quivering wings and singing most ecstatically. This is soon over and the mated pairs quiet down to regular house-keeping after bird fashion.

The nest is built usually on the



EARLY COURTSHIP—THE SONG SPARROW.

ground under a tuft of grass or some slight shelter. One I found last year was in an old lobster can that had been used as a paint pot and which was lying on its side amongst some weeds. The eggs are four or five in number, greenish white, speckled all over with greyish brown; but they vary a good deal both in ground colour and markings. Two or even three broods are raised in a season. On one occasion I found the same nest used in raising two broods.

This is very unusual with this species.

In the early part of the season that miserable parasite the cow-bird frequently victimizes the song sparrows and causes the loss of the first brood of its young. Later in the season when nests are more plentiful the cow-bird distributes its favours pretty generally among all our small birds and probably destroys more useful bird life than all other enemies put together.

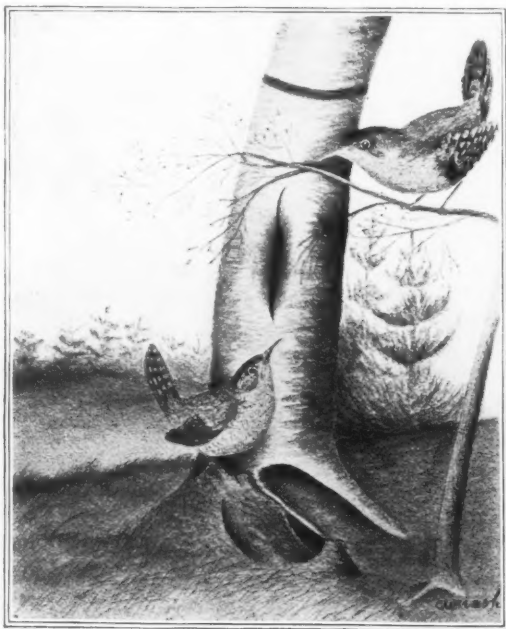
Song sparrows do not go very far south to spend the winter, their centre of abundance during that season being Southern Illinois, Missouri, Eastern Kansas and Texas. I have occasionally found a few remaining over in sheltered places in Southern Ontario; but as they haunt the very thickest of weed grown places, and are quiet at this season, they are easily overlooked.

THE BRONZE GRACKLES.

Shortly after the middle of March the bronze grackles, or crow black-birds as they are usually called, appear and take possession of their nesting places in the evergreens about the lawn or in the rows of tall Lombardy poplars. These birds always build in colonies and are gregarious at all seasons.

Although they certainly destroy a large number of insects, particularly of those sorts that live underground,

such as cut-worms, wire-worms and the like, yet they can hardly be considered as desirable tenants of the garden. They are destructive to the young of other birds more valuable than themselves, and they are great fruit and grain eaters. It is a pity that their evil deeds should out-balance their good qualities as they are certainly very beautiful creatures.



HOUSE HUNTING—THE HOUSE WREN.

The bronze and purple metallic lustre on the feathers of the mature male is not surpassed by the colouration of any bird except, perhaps, by the jewel-like gorget of the ruby-throated humming-bird. The peculiar keel-like arrangement of their tail feathers is also very graceful and quite unlike that of any other of our birds.

These birds build a coarse nest of twigs, grasses and mud, and lay four or five very handsome eggs. The ground colour is a curious smoky blue

with dots and irregular streaks of purplish brown. They vary so much that hardly any two are alike.

The great bulk of the grackles spend the winter in Mexico, but some few are said to remain along the Mississippi River as far north as Illinois. Why these birds should require to go further south than the robins and blue birds is difficult to understand. They are strong and hardy, and being practically omnivorous, should be able to obtain an ample food supply where birds that are more particular in their diet would fail in doing so.

After the arrival of the species I have mentioned there is generally a stop in migration for a few days so far as new species are concerned, but the number of individuals of each of the species that have already arrived is increased daily.

THE PHŒBE.

About the end of March we generally find our little Quaker friend the phœbe returned to take possession of its old nest, on a beam in the shed, or in some out-of-the-way corner of the buildings. This quietly attired flycatcher is one of the most desirable of all our feathered friends. Its appearance is not very striking, but there is a quiet neatness about its olive grey coat and white waistcoat that is very attractive. Its manners, too, are so easy and so thoroughbred that the bird has acquired a popularity second only to that of the blue bird. Besides this, the bird is of great economic value in our garden. Its food consists entirely of insects, the most of them being taken on the wing. Amongst these insects so taken are large numbers of the moths which lay eggs to produce the foliage-eating caterpillars; and so the capture of each female moth means the destruction at one swoop of a whole brood of these injurious insects.

The phœbe is one of those birds whose habit it is to return year after year to the same nesting place. The old nest is added to and repaired each season, so that after a time it becomes quite a bulky structure. As I have said, it is generally placed on a beam or some

projection of the woodwork either in or outside a building, no matter how much the place may be frequented. Another very favourite site is under a bridge or culvert; so frequently is this selected that I doubt if there are many bridges in our rural districts without their phœbe's nest.

The eggs of the phœbe are four or five in number and quite white; as a rule, only one brood is raised in the season.

I am afraid that this is one of the birds likely to suffer from the introduction of the European house sparrow. Its nest is built of just such material as the sparrow prefers for his mattress; and the phœbe likes to occupy places about our premises that are easily accessible to our emigrant friend. The result will be that our gentle and useful phœbe will have to retire from the neighbourhood of the aggressive and acquisitive European.

About the end of September the phœbes leave us and start off on their journey to Mexico, where the bulk of them spend the winter, a few stragglers only remaining in favoured localities north of that country.

THE COW BIRD.

Almost at the same time that we see and hear the phœbe we may have our attention called to a glossy black bird with a rich chestnut coloured head, rather larger than the European sparrow. This is the male cow-bird, the female of which is dull, sooty black. Its love-song is apt to remind one of the squeals made by the rusty wheel of a wheelbarrow when that useful implement is being first used after a long winter's rest exposed to all weathers.

This bird cannot be called properly a bird of the garden; in fact, it is a vagrant, and does not have a home anywhere; nor has it any morals worth mentioning. Its food is gleaned principally from the open fields, and consists of insects and seeds in about equal proportions during the summer; in the fall it is a grain eater. But it is not with its diet that we are con-

cerned in the garden, but with its very reprehensible habit of depositing its eggs in the nests of other small birds.

These creatures do not mate, neither do they build a nest. The female seeks out the completed nest of one of the sparrows, finches, thrushes or warblers, and in it she deposits an egg of her own, and leaves it there to be hatched by the bird on whose home she has trespassed. In due course all

the eggs are hatched, and then the trouble begins. In a few days the young cow-bird has far outgrown its fellow-nestlings in size, strength and voracity, and requires, so and manages to get, the greater part of the food brought by the parent birds for the family. This results in the proper occupants of the nest being either crowded out or starved to death by the

interloper, who then taxes to the utmost all the energies of its foster parents to supply the cravings of its ravenous appetite. After the young cow-bird leaves the nest it still follows its foster parents through the trees, clamouring like a great spoiled baby for food. This continues until the cow-bird has fully developed its faculties (a slow process in this case), when it goes off to join a flock of its real relations in raiding the farmers' oat fields.

These cow-birds are very abundant,

and as each one of them has been raised at the cost of a whole brood of one of our useful small birds it is easy to see that they do a good deal of injury to the country.

The eggs of this bird are whitish, thickly covered with small greyish brown dots. It is not positively known how many each bird lays in a season, but probably four or five. I have only once found two of them in the samenest, and I did then, as I always do, promptly

destroy them, though it might have been interesting to note how the two young thieves would have arranged matters between them.

The cow-birds winter in the Southern States, usually going south of the State of Illinois.

THE KINGLETS.

From the middle to the end of April we are usually visited by the

kinglets. These tiny little creatures are, with the exception of the humming-birds, the smallest birds of North America. There are two species of them, the most abundant, both in spring and autumn, being the golden-crowned kinglet, the other being the ruby-crowned. Both are olive green above and yellowish white below, but may easily be distinguished by the colour of the crown, which in the golden-crowned is yellow bordered by black, while the adult ruby-crowned



"SWEET CANADA"—WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

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has a partly-concealed rich scarlet patch on the crown. In the young this is not visible, but then the absence of any colour will distinguish it from its relative.

The ruby-crown is strictly a migrant, arriving here from the southern borders of the Southern States, and soon passing on to the coniferous forests of the north, where it breeds. It usually travels through this province singly; small scattered parties occasionally drift along through the woods, but they are exceptional. The most noticeable feature about this little bird is its loud, ringing song. When first noticed it seems hard to believe that such a volume of sound can be produced from such a minute body, the notes being almost as loud as those of the song-sparrow. Besides this song, it often utters a sharp, chiding note, somewhat like that of one of the wrens.

The little golden-crown resembles its relative in its general habits, but it usually travels in small parties, and does not appear to have any musical powers; it is also much harder than the ruby-crown, our Canadian winter even having no terrors for them. However, as winter residents I will refer to them later on. They all go north to breed, and with the other kinglets return in October.

THE HOUSE WREN.

After the tenth of April, if the weather is fine, we may any day expect the first real wave of migration. This will bring a number of new species. In some cases the main body will arrive all at once; in others only the advance guard will come. We shall get the flicker or high-holder, the yellow-bellied woodpecker, white-throated sparrow, chipping sparrow, brown creeper, house wren, white-breasted and barn swallows and the myrtle warbler.

Of these the most familiar and one of the most useful is the pert little house wren. It returns regularly to its old nest in the bird box or any hole or crevice into which it can stuff its apology for a nest. Then whilst Mrs.

Jenny is attending to the arrangement of her household affairs her husband will devote his energies to singing and scolding all the four-footed animals that venture to trespass on what he is pleased to consider his private hunting ground.

In spring and early summer the wren sings almost incessantly all day, with short intervals for refreshment; but as the weather gets hot, he is silent from morning until after sundown. Then he makes up for it by singing all night if the weather is fine and there is any moonlight at all. Wrens usually lay five or six eggs, white spotted with reddish brown, and sometimes raise two broods in the season.

There are no more industrious insect hunters than the house wrens, and they do their work principally amongst the plants we cultivate so that the benefit we derive is direct. It is quite easy to induce a pair to take possession of any garden large enough to give them a hunting ground by providing them with a suitable nesting box and it will be found decidedly profitable as well as interesting to do this.

The house wrens remain in Ontario until about the middle of October when they move southward to their winter range in the Southern States.

THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

The white-throated sparrow is one of the few birds whose song can be rendered into words, but even of this song there are several versions; some people hear "Poor Tom Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," and call it the Peabody bird; others hear "All day whittling, whittling, whittling." I prefer the version given by Mr. Van Dyke in "The Century" some time ago. He makes the bird say, "Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada," pronounce Canada as the French Canadians do, and you get the best representation of the song that can be given in words. At any rate, if the white-throat does not say this in so many words, that is the meaning of his song, and he utters it because he rejoices in

having again reached his home, the place in which he was born and where he hopes to raise his own little family in the coming season.

A very handsome bird is our white-throat, quite the beau of the sparrow tribe. In it he has only two rivals, the fox sparrow and the white crowned; neither of them, however, quite equal to him in appearance. The fox sparrow, though, is far his superior as a musician, while the white-crown has no very great pretensions in that direction.

The great majority of the white-throats go north of us to breed, but a few pairs stop at suitable places all the way from our southern border. I have every year found two or three pairs nestling close to the city of Toronto.

During the warm weather they rarely sing except in early morning and during the night, so that as they are usually concealed in the rank underbrush, they easily escape notice.

The nest is rather a coarse affair of weeds and grass placed low down in the bushes, and the eggs, four or five in number, are greenish, spotted and blotched with brown.

In September the white-throats, young and old, arrive from the north, and occasionally make an effort to sing; but the song lacks the spirit and tone of spring, and is not often repeated. As October draws to a close the birds vanish away to the Southern States, where they remain for the winter.

C. W. Nash.

CANADIAN HYMN.

STRONG daughter of heroic birth, whose throbbing veins combine
The Lilies and the mighty Cross in pure and royal line,
For thee thy true sons ever hold their hearts and lives in hand
To lay them at thy gracious feet whene'er thy need demand!

Haut Canada! Bas Canada! Canadians all are we,

Sons of the North, the brave, true North,

Land of the Maple Tree.

Above us floats the olden Cross, our fathers' and our own,
We deck it with the Maple Leaf Canadian land has grown;
On to the West, o'er half a world, we bear from sea to sea
The glorious symbol of our pride, our badge of ancestry!

Haut Canada! Bas Canada! Canadians all are we,

Sons of the North, the brave, true North,

Land of the Maple Tree.

Fair are thy spreading lakes and plains, thy purple mountains high,
For thee who would not proudly live, who would not gladly die?
Freedom and Law thy brows entwine and bless thy sacred sod.
May ne'er thy stainless sword be drawn but in the cause of God!

Haut Canada! Bas Canada! Canadians all are we,

Sons of the North, the brave, true North,

Land of the Maple Tree.

Charles Campbell.

THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

A Criticism of Some of their Social Peculiarities.

THERE is no doubt that the Canadian people believe themselves quite the equal of those of the United States and of Great Britain, and more than the equal of those of any other country on the face of the globe, and justly so. Some of the best blood of the British race flows in our veins; and our system of government, our social organization and our social habits are of a standard which is scarcely equalled in any country in the world. But the Canadian people are peculiar, and it is to some of these peculiarities I wish to draw attention, for as Principal Grant has well said, "The destiny of a country depends not on its material resources; it depends on the character of its people."

The Canadian people are religious and generous. They contribute liberally to the building of

RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES.

churches. In Quebec, the churches usually cost as much as all the other buildings in the town or

village combined. In the other provinces, the people are not quite so extravagant but the churches are numerous and creditable. In every part of Canada the preachers are well paid and highly respected. The people give generously to foreign missions, thousands of dollars being sent each year to Africa, India and China. Yet on the street corners of any Canadian city you may see a blind man begging, a one-legged, patient individual with his crutch and tin cup, or a wrinkled old woman turning a wheezy hand-organ. The business streets are regularly patrolled by ragged, worn-out females, soliciting coppers or selling bone collar-buttons. Ian Maclaren tells the story of a woman who went to the meeting of a "society to help the poor," in London,

to seek a position. She was asked her name, address, age, number of children and various other particulars. She was then asked to pay a shilling for registration, and a situation would be hunted up for her. Poor woman, she had no shilling and could not secure help. We have the same spirit in Canada. We build large buildings to accommodate unfortunates and name these edifices after the men who donate the most money. But we initiate no system which will seek out the dying and the unfortunate, no system which will permanently rescue the fallen, no plan whereby the aged and the needy will be able to live without begging. A man will subscribe—with a flourish—a thousand dollars to foreign missions, and on the same day he will dismiss a man ten years in his employ, who has been earning but twelve dollars a week, without a thought as to how this man is to support his wife and five children. Truly we are a peculiar people.

Canadians claim to follow the rule, "the greatest good for the greatest number," and much of

THE SPOILS SYSTEM.

our legislation embodies that principle. We have excellent educational systems in the various provinces; not as well administered as they should be, but still doing a great deal for the common people. We have a splendid criminal code for the punishment of all crimes, except political crimes; we have good laws regulating commerce, and honourable judges to administer these laws. Nevertheless ninety per cent. of the discussions in parliament pertain to subjects other than these. It is the good of the party which is considered, not the good of the country. During its eighteen years in

power, the Conservative Party filled all senatorial, civil service and judicial vacancies with men to whom the party was "under obligation," men of its own political stripe; and its whole aim during that period was to so arrange and compromise everything that it might retain power. The Liberal Party has had control just three years, but it has clearly shown that it is determined to give Conservatives a dose of their own medicine. Unnecessary bonuses, suspicious deals, surrenders to selfish capitalists, appointment of self-seeking politicians to important administrative positions, a ceaseless pandering to the desires of districts where the party wishes to strengthen its hold—these are the marks which show the Liberal party to be as careless of the general good as were its predecessors. Mark you, I do not mean that the Liberal Government has done no commendable actions. There are a few moves here and there which reflect credit upon them; but the balance is on the side of "power-seeking," not "general good."

But another peculiarity of the Canadian people is that while essentially moral, they are encouraging political immorality. A citizen very seldom thinks of doing an evening's work on the voters' list, of assisting to organize the vote of his division, or of doing a day's scrutineering on behalf of a prospective alderman or a member of Parliament without pay from the candidate. The word citizen conveys no responsibilities to the mind of the ordinary voter. He sees no duty which he owes to the state. He owes his party a vote whenever called upon; and the party owes him a day's pay when he earns it, and a small job now and again if he has "influence," or makes an occasional contribution for the good of the cause. The average earnest and thoughtful citizen rests at home in the bosom of his family, while his unthinking, less moral brother does the political work

necessary in Canada to the making and unmaking of governments. We are all Canadians, but we often pay more attention to down-trodden Cuba or benighted China than we do to the country which gives us a name and a home. Because our duty to the state rests lightly upon us, our larger municipalities are in the hands of men of broad easy morals; are politics are controlled by small-minded self-seeking men who do not hesitate to bribe constituencies or to barter franchises. In neither provincial nor federal politics, does the average voter rise above party considerations when, with uncovered head, he approaches the ballot-box.

Nor are our women possessed of the highest moral sense. For example: one day, as I was riding home in a street-car, a well-dressed lady and her daughter came aboard.

The lady took out two yellow tickets and held them in her hand. The conductor passed her and repassed her. She didn't offer the tickets, and he didn't ask for them. As she got up to go out she smiled significantly at her daughter, replaced the two tickets in her purse, and gathering her magnificent skirt in one hand and her gold-handled umbrella in the other, rustled her silks through the aisle and down the steps.

If, in a store, a woman gets five cents more change than she should, why, it is a small thing, and she smiles complacently. If the clerk cuts her off half a yard more than he should, why that is her luck. No large dry-goods store in Canada can get along without private detectives—and the persons they watch are not the needy.

In her dealing with the prospective husbands of her daughters, a Canadian mother, especially a city mother, does not always insist on morality. She desires wealth and social position. The young man's moral nature may be utterly depraved, and his offspring sure to be tainted with moral weaknesses—but the mother accepts him if he has

an income. She seldom considers possibilities, but always present conditions. Truly our mothers are lovable and worthy of all honour and admiration—but they are fond of the rustle of silks. They spend two thousand a year with scarcely a thought of their sisters who have but two hundred. To make their husbands M.P.'s they would sacrifice much; to bear the title "Lady" they would almost sacrifice honour itself.



Walking along street with a young clergyman the other day, I was startled by the remark: "Our

PRINCES ministers do not need to
OF COMPRO- compromise so much!
MISERS. They think they do, but

they don't." That word compromise! Would that it were banished from the religious world, from our political life and from even our business life! There is too much compromise altogether. It has its basis in politeness, but the necessity does not justify one half of what exists. We compromise with evils and immoralities until they eat us up. And the princes of compromisers are the sleek, self-admiring, oratorical ministers of the gospel. These epithets exclude a number of my best friends, men who in a small but honest way are pursuing the prize of a high calling. The compromisers are the men who do not preach morals, but whose complex morality is printed on pages of eloquence and bound in pliable smiles, and whose sermons are literary essays fit to adorn the pages of some nobleman's latest magazine.



If a city minister were to condemn stock gambling, political corruption, and the other dozenshady
STEALING methods by which people
MILLIONS. amass large fortunes in
a few years at the expense of their fellow-men, that pulpit would be vacant. Of course it never occurs to the minister to let it be vacant. So the immorality remains. A man respects another's property un-

less he can get it under cover of the law. For example, he may form a mining company and sell his "promoter's" stock at ten, fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar. That is called "able financing," and the more worthless the claim, the more able the financing and the more praise the man receives. The trusting but ill-informed public is never praised—not even pitied.

Or he may desire to build a railway. The cost will be \$8,000 per mile, and it may be bonded for, say, \$4,000; leaving a net investment of \$4,000 per mile of road. He goes to the Dominion Government and gets a grant through the influence of paid lobbyists. He then visits the Provincial Government with the seal of federal approval. He gets another grant. Then he repairs to the municipalities. Altogether he gets \$12,000 a mile. As the net investment is \$4,000, the profit is \$8,000. On a hundred miles there will be enough to give him a fair claim on the title of "millionaire." It is by just such means as these that most of the rich men of Canada have been made.

There are those who have made their money by hard work and persistent saving, but they are not quite so numerous, and they are never so prominent. It is a common occurrence to hear men remark over their pipes and whiskey—men of the world who know—that to get rich to-day, a man must have neither heart nor conscience. I have heard half-a-dozen wealthy men give utterance to such sentiments.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."



But why go on in this somewhat doleful strain? The answer is another question. Why does the

OUR YOUNG bird sing? It is given to
MEN. certain men to preach the
gospel of regeneration to

their fellow-men, when inclination meets opportunity. Canada would not be wholly bad if all the preachers and teachers and writers were banished. But she is the better of those she possesses—most of them. To write some-

thing which would give one young man a broader view of citizenship is a reward sufficient for any would-be teacher. To make a dozen young men THINK would be glory and honour.

For, after all, it is the young men in whom lies the hope of Canada's future greatness. There is always hope because there are always young men. Many of these will follow precedent, but a few will not. If the few are too few, our politics and our social life will become no better; but they will not degenerate greatly.

The young man who studies nothing but John Bunyan and the Bible may go to Heaven, but he certainly will not make the world much better for his having sojourned here. This is a day when citizens are required—citizens with a broad, understanding knowledge of what Canada was, is, and might be; citizens who will inquire as to what Canada requires of her sons; citizens who will study the history, the institutions, the literature, the political conditions of their native land. The man who exclusively pursues his own ends, his own purposes, and the almighty dollar is not a citizen. A citizen is a man of a higher, a nobler, a more unselfish type. To the citizen our poet Kernigan cries:

"Shall the mothers that love us, bow the head,
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Oh, brothers, stand to your guns!"

And Roberts also:

"Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.

Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting
sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour
wait;

Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy
fame!
And stretch vain hands to stars; thy fame is
nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth and home, and
name."

We may have telephones and electric railways, Pacific cables, fast Atlantic steamboats, miles of canals, hundreds of cabinet ministers, scores of companions, knights and baronets; but if we have not a patriotic citizenship we shall not last. Commerce alone never made a nation great.



It is becoming clearer that if Great Britain is to maintain her supremacy among the nations she will

THE DIM have to be regenerated
FUTURE. from the fresher blood
of the colonies. If this is

the destiny of Canada's greater sons, we should be prepared for it. If we are to become a part of the greater Anglo-Saxon unity, the northmen will be needed to reorganize and purify the body politic of the south. If this is the destiny of Canada's greater sons, we should be prepared for it. If we are to build up on the northern half of this continent a new Britain, with the maple leaf flag proudly floating above it, we must breed and bring forth citizens whose excellence cannot be measured in dollars. If this is the destiny of Canada's sons, let them anoint themselves with wisdom.

Norman Patterson.



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A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealousy of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was nearly two years after Sidney went forth to prepare for the pastorate of Dole, when he stood one morning reading and re-reading the brief words of a telegram :

Come at once. Mr. Didymus is dying.
VASHTI LANSING.

The old man had been failing fast since the springtime.

The first April showers were quickening the earth when one day Sally found Mrs. Didymus dead in her chair, her Bible upon her knee, her spectacles pushed up on her brow, her dead face turned to where upon the wall hung a faded and discoloured portrait of Martha.

"It won't belong now," Mr. Didymus had said to Sidney upon that occasion, and Sidney felt it would be cruel to contradict his hope.

All summer long as Sidney read Vashti's accounts of the old man's fluctuating health he had thought of the solemn gladness of the moment when the summons should come. His loins had been girded for months past and now he was to set forth.

He had said to Vashti in a wistful letter, "When the hour comes be sure you send for me yourself. Let it be your personal summons which brings

me to your side." And now such a summons lay before him.

He had no preparations to make. All that required to be done could be arranged afterwards. But, ere he set out for the new life, he had one visit to pay. He had always promised himself that when the hour came he would not taste of its joy till he had gone to the man of whom he had thought during the first gladness of his engagement.

Surely it was a curious thing that a minister of the Gospel should seek counsel of an unlearned agnostic. Nevertheless Sidney went confidently. At each step he took towards his destination he grew more and more ashamed for that he had so long withdrawn himself from this man.

Sidney found him in his old place amid the whirring wheels of the great factory in which he worked. His grizzled hair was a trifle grayer, his strong figure a little more bent; but his clear cut mouth was as firm as ever, his eyes as wistful and eager. They had that expression of receptiveness which so often marks the true sage, who, very wise, is yet always eager to learn.

Between the sliding belts Sidney encountered his delighted gaze fixed straight upon him. The visitor threaded his way with difficulty through the

maze of machinery to where he stood with such a welcome in his eyes that Sidney's impulse had been to brave the wheels and go straight.

"How I wanted to come and meet you," said the man holding out a begrimed hand eagerly. "But you know my hand must be on the lever always."

"Ah," said Sidney, "I felt your welcome even before I saw you, and when I saw you formalities were discounted."

The man looked at him, a shade of awe solemnizing the gladness of his face.

"There are some things which almost frighten one," he said. "Do you know that all day long I have been thinking of you, remembering the lectures you used to give us at the Shelley Club and wondering if I should ever, ever hear from you again?"

"And now I am here!" said Sidney.

"Yes," said the man, looking at him lovingly. "And it is so good to see you."

In the midst of his happiness Sidney remembered to say "And how does the Shelley Club progress? Are you president yet?" The man shifted his feet awkwardly.

"Yes, I am," he said.

"Ah, the right man in the right place," said Sidney cordially. "So the club goes on."

"Yes, we have nineteen members now and there are often fifty at the meetings."

"There's a stride!" said Sidney.

"We used to be proud of ourselves if we could say 'we are seven,' didn't we? Well, I would like to hear your addresses."

"You have some news to give me, I am sure," said the man, who, during the conversation manipulated his lever with the mechanical precision of a man whom practice has made almost automatic.

Sidney flushed.

"Could you come out for a few minutes' quiet talk?" he asked.

"I sahl see," said the man, turning a knob which arrested the wheels. He went to a man almost as grimy as

himself, but who wore a coat. Sidney looked about him with shuddering disgust at the surroundings.

The machinery beside him shivered with the suppressed energy kept in check by the knob the man had turned. It seemed to Sidney a symbol of the eager soul of the man whom he had come to see, prisoned by circumstances within the circumference of petty cares, yet quivering and throbbing with divine energy.

The man was returning pleased with the little boon of time he had gained. The circumstances gripped Sidney's heart. He felt his own freedom and ease a reproach.

The man led the way, turning down the sleeves of his grey flannel shirt. He passed broad shouldered between the whizzing belts, one touch of which meant mutilation. Sidney edged his way gingerly after him. The spaces between the whirling wheels seemed very narrow.

The workman led the way out into a desolate but sunny little courtyard. A high wall enclosed it; great heaps of packing cases filled one corner; a freight car, run in upon a little row of rails, stood just within the gate.

"Sit down," said the man, waving Sidney to a place upon a pile of boards. It struck Sidney that there was a sense of luxury in the way in which he let his frame relax; it was an unaccustomed treat, evidently, these few moments stolen in the midst of the sunshiny forenoon.

"Now for your news," said the man. "Is it about yourself?"

"Yes," said Sidney, "and it will surprise you greatly. I am about to become, in fact already am, a Minister."

"Of what—to whom—where?" asked the man.

"A preacher of the Christian gospel," said Sidney. "To a pious little community in the New England hills."

There was silence for a moment. The whirl of the wheels came to them, they heard a postman's whistle in the street outside and the chirping of some sparrows which fluttered about the empty car.

"You are disappointed," said Sidney; you disapprove, but—"

The man raised his hand.

"It's for a woman, I suppose," he said. "Would nothing satisfy her but your soul?"

"Oh," cried Sidney, "I will do my duty by them. I will preach the truth to them. They shall know how noble and lovely life may be. They shall be shown what real beauty is, and told that righteousness for righteousness' sake is the highest good."

His friend sat silent still; Sidney looked at him almost pleadingly, and saw that his eyes were blurred by tears.

"Listen," he said to Sidney. "Give it up. You don't know what you are doing. It will kill you. I know you so well. You are salving your conscience now by good resolutions. When you see the fruitlessness of it all you will torture yourself with thoughts of your responsibility and what not, and the end will be chaos."

"Do you think I have not nearly gone mad already?" said Sidney, growing very white. "Surely you must guess how I have questioned my ability to do them good. But I think the worst of that is bye now. I shall have a stay, a support, an inspiration which will never flag. The most beautiful and best woman in the world has promised to marry me the day I become minister of Dole."

"I've heard of the devil baiting his line with a woman," said the workman contemptuously, but yet in such a manner that Sidney could not take offence. Then he went on:—

"You say you'll do your duty by these people, but it's not that I'm thinking about. It's you. Remember this, you are to work in the vineyard of human nature, its soil is the shifting quicksand of human weakness. When you feel that sucking you down, to what will you turn? Upon what secret source of strength can you draw? Do you think the men who preach the Christ word in the slums could live and eat and continue their work unless they drew strength from some unseen reservoir? No, a thousand times no. Of course,

I think their belief a delusion, but it is real to them, as real as the Divinity of Truth, and Truth alone, is to me. To preach a personal God without belief in one is to court destruction; at any moment, by disappointment or self-reproach, you may be thrown back upon your own beliefs. Shall the mother whom you have denied open her arms to you? Or shall the personal God in whom you do not believe sustain you? No, you will fall into the void. Sidney, give it up."

There was a pause.

"I will never give it up," he said. "I have promised that I shall devote myself to the work, and I will. You speak as if I had denied Nature and spat upon Truth. I have done neither. These two things will bear me through. There was one night in the fields—there was a new moon, and the young grain was springing. I saw things very clearly just then. I felt I could do good, and that it was my bounden duty to try. Bid me good-speed."

The workman rose. He took Sidney's hand and pressed it in both of his.

"I think," he said, "no human being ever began a hopeless course with more sincere and honest good wishes." As he held Sidney's hands and looked into the grey eyes of the younger man his own keen eyes dimmed and grew seerlike. The look of the visionary illumined his face.

"You will toil and strive and suffer," he said. "You will spend and be spent for others. You will have griefs, but you will never realize them, for you will be too absorbed in the sorrows of others to feel your own. You have bound yourself to a wheel, and until you are broken upon it, and your spirit spilt into the bosom of the Eternal, you will never know you have been tortured."

A half sob arrested his speech.

"Good-bye," he said, "good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said Sidney, who was much moved. So the two men parted. The one went into the sunshine; the other back into the hot atmosphere, where the deleterious dust was eddied into maelstroms by the whirling wheels.

The one murmured, "Vashti, Vashti;" the other, as he oiled the wheels and bent strenuously over his work, thought long and sorrowfully of many things. It chanced to be the meeting-night of the Free Thinking Vegetarian Club, of which he was president, and in his little speech he said much of a man who bartered his soul for a mess of pottage. But he told the story in such fashion that this man seemed to shine as an unselfish hero before their eyes, instead of as a weakling, spend-thrift of a precious heritage of independence.

Thus an author has sometimes such wholesome charity for his villains that we love them more than their betters.

As Sidney was borne towards Dole that day, he relived as in a vision all the events which followed that first haphazard visit of his. And yet, could such a vital event be born of chance?

How well he recalled the peculiar fancy he had had when Dr. Clement, after his visit to the country, gave him old Mr. Lansing's invitation.

It was as if a little bell set swinging in his father's boyhood had suddenly tinkled in his ear, bidding him turn in his youth to those scenes where his father had been a boy.

He remembered the day when dear old Temperance first opened the door to him. He knew now the enormity of his going direct to the front door. In Dole only ministers and funerals went there. Sidney never really acquired the etiquette of the Dole doors. One has to be born in a court to properly appreciate its etiquette.

With epicurean delay the gentle stream of his recollections took him down the road, past Mullein meadow (O! place of promise!), to the "unction sale," at Abiron Ranger's, and then his memory leaped the bounds, swept aside intervening incidents, and dwelt upon the glorified vision of beautiful Vashti. Ah! "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Then followed his long visit with its rhythmic lapse of happy days.

Then, the Holy Grail of her heart had been won.

And afterwards came the long waiting. The short visits to Dole. And now!

The marriage of Mabella and Lanty had taken place a month or so after Sidney left Dole the first time. Their little daughter Dorothy was more than a year old now.

Temperance and Nathan were not yet married, but three months before Temperance had bought a new black cashmere dress in Brixton, and Nathan was known to have priced a china tea set, with gilt rosebuds in the bottoms of the cups. Dole felt, therefore, that matters were approaching a crisis with Temperance and Nathan.

Old Mr. Lansing had grown very frail. He had had a stroke of paralysis, and had never been the same man again. His eyes always had an apprehensive look which was very painful to witness; and strangely enough this quiet self-contained old man, who all his life had seemed so content with the little village where he was born, so scornfully unconscious of the world which fretted and throbbed beyond its quiet boundaries, now showed a great eagerness for word from the outside. He subscribed to several newspapers. And when Sidney came the old man would question him with persistent and pathetic eagerness about the details of different events which he had seen chronicled with big typed headings, and Sidney found himself often sore at heart because he knew nothing whatever about the matter. American journalism has some grave flaws in its excellence, and surely the hysterical lack of all sense of proportion and perspective in presenting the picture of the times is a deplorable thing. It does grave and positive harm in the rural districts where it is impossible for the people to gauge the statements by comparison with events.

Sidney was greatly touched by the misconception of old Mr. Lansing in regard to these things.

"Ah," said the old man once, laying down the paper in which he had read a grotesquely exaggerated account of some political caucus which was made

to appear like a meeting of the national powers, "Ah, there's no wonder dear old Sid went to Bosting." He shook his head and sat with his elbows upon his chair, looking before him into vacancy. What fanciful vista of possibilities did he look upon? What vague regrets beset his mind? To Sidney this was unspeakably pitiful. This old man with his young dreams—and it was the more sad, inasmuch as the dreamer himself knew their futility.

Old Lansing had always been a "forehanded" man with his work. He had never left over one season's duties till another, but he had forgotten to dream in his youth, and now he was striving in his age to overtake the neglected harvests of his garden of fancy.

When the train stopped at Brixton the first person whom Sidney saw was Lanty. Lanty tall and strong, and debonair as ever. He greeted Sidney very heartily.

"You've come for keeps this time," he said, as he led the way to where the roan, a trifle more sedate than formerly, stood waiting between the shafts of a very spick-and-span buggy.

"We will go straight to the preacher's," said Lanty. "I hope we'll be in time."

"Is he so low?"

"Dying," said Lanty simply. He touched the roan with the reins and it sprang forward. Sidney's heart fled before. The landscape upon either side stretched dimly before his eyes. He was conscious that Lanty was speaking to him, and he made suitable replies. But all his mind was glamourised by one thought, for Vashti had promised that Mr. Didymus should marry them.

Was this then THE DAY?

They passed Lanty's house, a square building with heavily timbered porch, and Lanty drew rein to call "Mabella, Mabella!" But there was no reply.

"She must have gone into Dole," said he, and once more they went on. Ere long they were driving up the

streets of Dole. The women stood at the doorways with elaborate pretence of being occupied. The men endeavoured to infuse surprise into their recognition of Sidney, although most of them had purposely elected to stay in the village "choring" around the house instead of going to the fields or the woods.

The wise wives of Dole, knowing the amiable weakness of their husbands, had preferred special requests that day to have work done about the house. In Dole a man always thought he was conferring a personal favour upon his wife if he straightened up a leaning garden fence, mended a doorstep, or banked up a cellar for winter. There were six cellars banked up in Dole on the day when Sidney entered it. Upon the spring air the odour of fresh-turned earth speaks of new plowed fields and fresh harvests, but in autumn the earthy smell is chill and drear, and brings with it a sense of mortality, a hint of the end. And this atmosphere hung heavy over the little village as Sidney entered it.

As the buggy drawn by the roan horse passed, the ranks of Dole closed up. That is, each woman crossed to her neighbour, and the men rested from their labours to discuss the arrival.

There was one thing that never was forgotten about Sidney's entry—a circumstance viewed severely by the many, leniently by the few—he wore a grey suit of clothes. Dole murmured in its heart at this infringement of the ministerial proprieties, but Dole was destined to experience a succession of such shocks, for its young and eager pastor trod often upon the outspread skirts of its prejudices.

Sidney himself was profoundly moved as he drove up the street, for he was entering the precincts of his holy city. In the geography of the heart there are many cities. There is the place where we were born; the place of our dreams; the Rome which under one guise or another fills the foreground of our ambitions; and above all there is the place where first we tasted of

love, ah, that is where the Temple Beautiful stands. And Sidney's first and only love had been born in Dole.

Eager eyes were watching for them from the parsonage windows; Mabella, the habitual happiness of her face masked and subdued by tender-hearted concern; Mrs. Ranger a bustling important woman of many airs and graces, filled with a sense of her own importance, and knowing that her every action would be reported to Temperance Tribbey (her sworn enemy) by Mabella; Mr. Simpson who had nursed Mr. Didymus from the beginning; and, waiting alone and silently in the tiny hall upstairs, Vashti Lansing.

She saw the two men coming up the street, side by side in the buggy, and her heart leaped up and cried for the one who was denied her. Again an angry gust of passion shook her as she looked. For the one moment her decision wavered. That pale slight man whose grey eyes were so eager, so alight with hope and love was nothing to her compared to the blue-eyed, fair-haired young countryman. Why should she condemn herself to the torture of the continual contrast? But this way her revenge lay, unplanned yet, but so eagerly desired. She would surely, surely find means to make them feel her power when as the preacher's wife she was First Lady in Dole. So Vashti Lansing filled with Samson-like courage to wreck her enemies at any price, slowly descended the stairs as Sidney entered the front door. Then she went towards him.

Mabella saw them and with adroit sympathy endeavoured to detain Mrs. Ranger in the kitchen. But that worthy woman saw through Mabella's artifice, and leaving her question unanswered made for the door which led from the kitchen into the little front hall; whereupon Mabella deliberately placed herself in Mrs. Ranger's way, and animated by the courage which springs from consciousness of a good cause dodged every attempt of that irate person to pass her. Mrs. Ranger endured this as long as she could, then, without more ado, she put out a strong

arm and brushed Mabella aside. "Take care," she said and passed into the hall. But Sidney had had his greeting and Vashti's calm face baffled her inquiring looks.

"I could see there had been something," she said in reporting the matter, "but what had happened I don't know."

"My sakes," said Mrs. Simpson when Mrs. Ranger told her this, "I'm sure you *must* have been busy in the kitchen if you couldn't spare time to watch 'em meet. My soul! If Len was worth his salt for observation he'd have kep' his eyes open. But sakes! Men's that stoopid—. But with you there I thought we'd know how things was goin'—"

"Well," said Mrs. Ranger tartly, "you can thank Mabella Lansing for that. First as I was going out she ups and asks me a question. I paid no attention to that for I knew 'twas done to hinder (them Lansings is all in the same boat), and then when she seen I wasn't to be took in with that she deliberately put herself in the way, and dodged me back and forward till I had all I could do to keep from giving her a good shove."

"Well, M'bella Lansing had better look out. It's a bad thing to be set up. Pride goes before a fall. And M'bella's certingly most wonderful sure of self. But Lanty wouldn't be the first young chap to—. Of course I ain't sayin' anything, but they do say—"

Mrs. Ranger waited eagerly to see if her friend would commit herself to a definite statement. But Mrs. Simpson was much too wary for that; so Mrs. Ranger nodded her head, and pursed up her lips, and managed to convey the impression that "she could an' she would" unfold a tale.

But this was some days after Sidney met Vashti in the narrow hall of the Dole parsonage.

"I am here, Vashti," he whispered, kissing her.

"Yes, how glad I am!" she answered simply.

"Can I speak to you just a moment, dear, before I go to see him?"

"What is it?"

"Do you remember," he whispered hurriedly, "that you promised old Mr. Didymus that he should marry us? Vashti, I have waited so long. I tremble before the responsibility of the life I have chosen. Strengthen me with the fulfilment of your promise to better keep mine."

Just then Mr. Simpson came in.

"He's askin' if you be come yet," he said to Sidney. "I—wouldn't wait long before seein' him if I was you; he's sinkin'."

"I will come in at once," said Sidney. Mr. Simpson turned and re-entered the sick room.

Sidney turned to Vashti. At that moment Mrs. Ranger, flushed and a little ruffled by her combat with Mabella, entered the hall.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Martin," she said, holding out her hand. "We'd be right glad t' see you if the time wasn't so sad."

"I am pleased to see you," said Sidney, in his gentle genial way, shaking hands with her. She looked from his face to Vashti's with an almost ridiculously eager scrutiny, but found herself baffled.

"You better go right in and see Mr. Didymus," she said. "He's bin askin' for you." At this juncture Mabella appeared, an adorably matronly Mabella.

"How are you Sidney?" she asked. "Mrs. Ranger, I'm afraid your pies are burning or running over or something, I smelt them."

"Laws," said that good woman, disappearing like a shot. "Didn't you have sense enuff to go to the oving instead o' coming t' me?"

"If you want to talk," said Mabella coolly to Sidney and Vashti, "go into the sitting-room, and when she comes back I'll tell her you've gone in to see Mr. Didymus."

"You're an angel," said Sidney, and drew Vasti through the doorway just as Mrs. Ranger came back angrily.

"Them pies ain't half cooked," she said, "let alone burning!"

"Well, I'm sure I thought I smelt

them," said Mabella, "and I know you didn't want to leave the pie-making for Temperance to do when she came this evening."

"If the pies had burned I'd have made others, depend on that," said Mrs. Ranger. "I guess Temp'rins Tribbey never had to do anything over after me! I 'spose he's gone in to see Mr. Didymus now?"

"We may as well go," said Mabella. "He won't be back for awhile likely."

So the two went back to the kitchen where Lanty, after watering the roan, stood eating biscuits from the heap upon the bake board.

"Vashti," said Sidney, taking her in his arms, "Say yes. You know that I adore you—and—Vashti, you will—"

She looked into his eyes. For one moment a womanly hesitation prevailed in her heart. The next she questioned herself angrily: "Why wait, why delay, why not begin to lay the threads of your revenge?"

"But"—she paused and looked down. He drew her closer.

"Darling, it is the knowledge that you are really mine that I want. You surely do not think I would be exacting to you? You shall come to me when you will; say yes, dear"—

"It is so hurried—so—you are good," she said, with charming affectation of hesitancy.

"Send Lanty over for your father," said Sidney, "and Temperance and I will go in and ask Mr. Didymus."

"I—yes, Sidney, I will do as you wish," she said, then for one instant, abashed by the great glad light in his eyes, she let fall her face upon his breast.

"And Vashti—after—you won't keep me waiting too long."

She looked at him, arch rebuke in her eyes.

He reddened.

"There," he said, "I'm spoiling it all I know. Go, dear, and send Lanty." She moved away a step. He followed her swiftly and caught her to his breast with passion.

"Tell me, Vashti," he said, "that you love me as I love you; tell me that

life together seems the only thing possible to you." She put her arms about his neck.

"I love you dearly," she said, "I could not look forward to life except with you."

With those words and with the embrace of her soft warm arms, every doubt or shadow of doubt died in Sidney's heart. He returned her embrace, too moved to speak, and left her to enter the room of the dying man.

Vashti went to the kitchen door and called her cousin.

"Lanty," she said, "will you speak a moment?"

He left Mabella and came to her.

"Come outside," she said, "I want you to do something for me." Then as they got beyond Mrs. Ranger's hearing she continued: "I want you to go over and fetch father and Temperance. Sidney is bent upon being married by Mr. Didymus and—I have consented." There was a kind of agony in the regard she gave Lanty. "Will you go;" she said, her voice sounded far away to herself, and all at once it seemed to her as if she could hear the blood rushing through her veins, with a roaring as of mill-streams. And Lanty, all unconscious of this, stood smiling before her. Truly, if Vashti Lansing sinned, she also suffered.

"It's a capital idea," said Lanty heartily. "You are a lucky girl, Vashti. I'll go at once; have you told Mabella yet?"

The pent up forces of Vashti's heart leaped almost beyond the bounds.

"Go," she said, with a strange sweet shrillness in her voice. "Go, at once."

"I will, of course, I will," said Lanty, and he suited the action to the word. He paused an instant to tell Mabella, and added: "You go and talk to Vashti, she's as nervous as you were."

Then he departed and Vashti watched him, wondering a little why she had been born to such a perverse fate. As she turned from the empty distance where he had disappeared it was to be met by Mabella's arms, and kisses,

and congratulations, and exclamations. Poor Mabella! All was so well meant, and surely we would not blame her; and yet, though a creature be worthy of death, we do not like to see it tormented and baited. Vashti Lansing, with her lawless will, her arrogant self-confidence, her evil determination was yet to be pitied that day.

The short autumnal day had drawn down to night. Lamps twinkled from every room in the parsonage. A great stillness brooded over the house.

The kitchen was filled with whispering women, groups of men lingered near the house and horses were tied here and there to the palings. The word had gone abroad that the old man who prayed for them so long was leaving them that night. There would be little sleep in Dole during its hours.

"The license has come," whispered Mabella to Temperance, and Temperance slipped out from among the women and found Nathan where he loitered by the door.

Soon they were all gathered in the sick room. Old Lansing, and Mabella, and Lanty with their baby Dorothy in his arms, and Temperance and Nathan, and another guest, unseen and silent, to whom they all did reverence, who was nearer to the old clergyman than any of them.

And in a moment the door opened, and Sidney and Vashti came softly in, both pale, both calm.

The old clergyman looked up at them lovingly. His face was the colour of ivory, and the spirit seemed to shine through its imprisoning tabernacle like a light.

In few and feeble words he married them. Then he essayed to speak a little to them, but he stumbled and faltered, and instead of saying "You, Vashti," he said "You, Martha," and when he sought to find Sidney's name he could only say "Len."

The composure of the women gave way. Mabella buried her face in Lanty's arm and cried unrestrainedly. Tears streamed over Lanty's face also. Those words, Martha and Len, showed how lovingly, despite his stern denial

of their suit, the old man had thought of his daughter and her sweetheart.

His voice wandered and failed. Sidney and Vashti knelt beside the bed.

Temperance stole forward and touching them, motioned for them to go.

As they rose the old man looked at them. A little bewilderment flickered into his eyes.

"It's not Martha and Len"—then his eyes cleared. "I am going to them and the mother." Then he looked at Sidney, "Be thou faithful unto death," he said, the solemnity of the words gaining an incalculable force from the weakness of the voice. Then he began to murmur to himself, "I have fought

the good fight, I have finished my course."

Dr. Harrow and Mr. Simpson entered the room, and the others quitted it, and hardly were they gone ere the unseen guest stole out from the shadows and looked into the old man's eyes. There was neither fear nor reluctance in them, nothing but welcome, and a trust which was transcendent; and in a few moments the unseen guest folded the longing spirit of the old man in a strong embrace and bore it to where "beyond these voices there is peace."

Thus Sidney was married. Thus the mantle of the pastorate of Dole fell upon his shoulders.

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW INVASION.

I AM the North.

Though I lacked men to till the soil
And reap its fruits with modest toil,
My sons went forth
By many thousands year by year,
With health and strength and sturdy cheer;
Went all untaught
The land of Golden Ease to find,
Not recking that they left behind
The thing they sought.

I did not speak,
Yet did my broad deep bosom hold
Unmeasured store of that same gold
Which they did seek;
And all around the fertile plains
Lay groaning deep in labour pains;
Earth's womb replete,
Called but for hands with patient care
To ease the burden and to share
Reward full mete.

They would not heed,
But hastened, each to cast his lot
With that Fair South which loved him not,
And scorned his breed,

But lured him with that lustre fair
Which he in vain thought he might share
Did he but strive ;
And so they wandered one by one
Yet to their Mother's task undone
All un-alive.

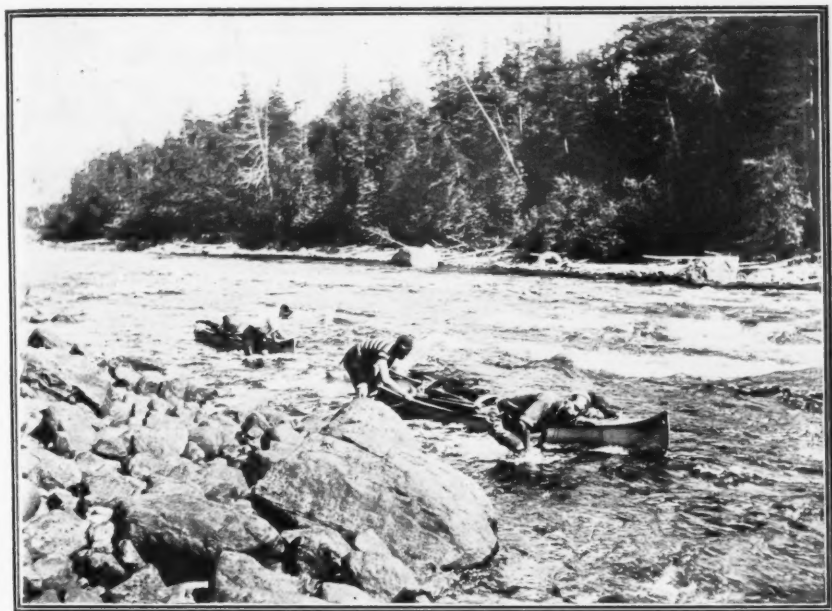
At length there came
Men of the South who spake my tongue
Yet did not to my race belong,
And O the shame !
They cleft my sides and from me tore
The treasure that my bosom bore
For mine own kin.
Swift too came hordes with fevered haste
From Iceland bare and Russian waste
With Babel din.

These tread the plain ;
They see what mine own failed to see,
They plod with patient industry ;
Full great their gain.
I grudge it not, yet do I grieve
Lest these unwelcome guests should weave
From Race and Tongue
A web so strong that evermore
Shall fright the Saxon from my shore,
And that ere long.

Ye do not need
That serfs long trained beneath the rod
Or men of any other blood
Should taint your breed.
Ye are enough if ye be true
And cherish me as you should do,
To hold your own.
But 'ware the Tartar and the Slav,
Or if with them ye commerce have,
Your fate bemoan.

Northmen ! Awake !
This bond of alien thralldom break,
Your lawful place and station take.
Awake ! Awake !
Hold fast the land, hold fast your speech,
And to the rash intruder teach
That ye are Lords,
Who govern in your Mother's name,
Who will not see her put to shame.
These are my words.

H. H. Godfrey.



NORTHERN ONTARIO—PULLING CANOES UP A SHALLOW RAPID.

WITH RIFLE AND ROD IN THE MOOSE LANDS OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.

ILLUSTRATED FROM AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

By W. R. Wadsworth.

IN this degenerate, moribund nineteenth century, in Southern Ontario, as well as in the Eastern States, the "forest primeval" is rapidly becoming a thing of the past,—the lumberman and his enemy, the forest fire, have both been at their work of destruction. And year by year game, especially of the larger kinds, is retreating before the ever advancing axe and plough, while fish are, alas! becoming remarkable, more on account of their scarcity than their size. Perhaps, then, a short sketch of a great land, most of which is still covered with virgin forest, may not prove wholly uninteresting.

In these days of feverish bustle and ceaseless hurry the sportsman's time is

too precious to waste in sitting from early morn till dewy eve waiting phlegmatically for the cautious nibble of a satiated cat-fish, or in tramping the country-side, staggering for weary miles under the weight of a trusty rifle, in hot pursuit of chattering squirrels and deriding carrion crows. If he really wants to catch something when he "goes fishing," or to shoot something when he "goes shooting," he must strike for the wilds. But "the wilds" are somewhat elusive. You put your finger on the map and say "Here!" But Canada, and especially Ontario, is being opened up so rapidly that the mere fact that a locality is situated some hundreds of miles from home and possesses

an Indian name that defies pronunciation is no guarantee that the ever-advancing wave of civilization has not already encroached upon, perhaps even engulfed, the place of your random choice. For instance, some half dozen years ago, fired with tales of the possibilities of Northern Ontario from the sportsman's standpoint, a party of us invaded the headwaters of the Ottawa—Lake Quinze, Lake Kipewewa and Lake Temiscamingue—and made them our scene of operations for the summer. But go where we would the ubiquitous lumberman haunted us to remind us of a civilization from whose restraints we were seeking to escape. The most beautiful of the lakes and rivers were robbed of half their charms by the unromantic "Come in and have a snack of beans!" of some hospitable shanty-cook, or the hearty "Bonjour" of a boat load of wild river-drivers. It

was disappointing; but adapting ourselves to circumstances we had a jolly time, and incidentally became initiated into the mysteries of camp-life. For no man knows instinctively how to keep a canoe, especially when deeply laden, from being swamped in a heavy sea; how to guide it down a broken rapid, or even to portage it for long distances through underbrush or marsh and over broken ground. A canoe trip that covers some eight hundred miles of waters of all kinds and includes three-score portages is a good apprenticeship in the *voyageur's* calling.

The following year we again spent

the summer in Northern Ontario. For let a man once contract the camping fever, he is subjected with the return of each spring to a recurrence of the malady. With the advent of the first robin unmistakable symptoms show themselves, and the attack increases in violence until business becomes an impossibility and city pleasures pall. He has but one remedy—a flight to the wilds with rifle and rod. As Kipling says :—

"He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your way is clear before you, when
the old spring-fret comes o'er you

And the Red-
Gods call for
you !

"So for one the
wet sail arch-
ing through
the rainbow
round the
bow,

And for one the
creek of snow-
shoes on the
crust ;

And for one the
lakeside vigil
where the
bull-moose
lead the cow,

And for one the
mule-train
coughing in
the dust.

Who hath smelt
wood-smoke
at twilight ?
who hath
heard the

birch-log burning ?

Who is quick to read the noises of the
night ?

He must follow with the others, for the
young men's feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known
delight.

On our second trip North, profiting by the experience of the preceding year, our party struck in a northwesterly direction from the head of Lake Temiscamingue, an expansion of the Upper Ottawa, across country by various canoe-routes to Fort Matagami, a Hudson's Bay Company's post on the northern slope of the "Height of Land," the watershed between the



A 25-FOOT CANOE.

This large canoe belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company was photographed at Lake Temagami. These canoes are used by the Company for distributing supplies to their various posts.

Great Lakes and Hudson Bay, and here we found an ideal country for the paddler and sportsman, as yet wholly unsurveyed, and only explored along the main water routes used by the Hudson's Bay Company. Avoiding these usual waterways, we passed through a track of forest and rock, utterly wild and desolate save for the occasional visit of an Indian hunter or trapper. We found, too, an additional charm in this trip from the fact that we were dependent for guidance upon a rough sketch of our route, made for us by Big Paul, an Indian from the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Lake Temagami.

Nipissing district has well been called a "Paddler's Paradise." From Lake Huron as far north as James Bay it is intersected in all directions by rivers and dotted

with lakes. Some of these lakes are mere ponds; others, like Lake Abitibi and Lake Temiscamingue, are sheets of water sixty or seventy miles in length. Some are open; others studded with rocky islands. Temagami's islands outrival those of the far-famed St. Lawrence in their number and variety. In some places they form a veritable labyrinth; at every

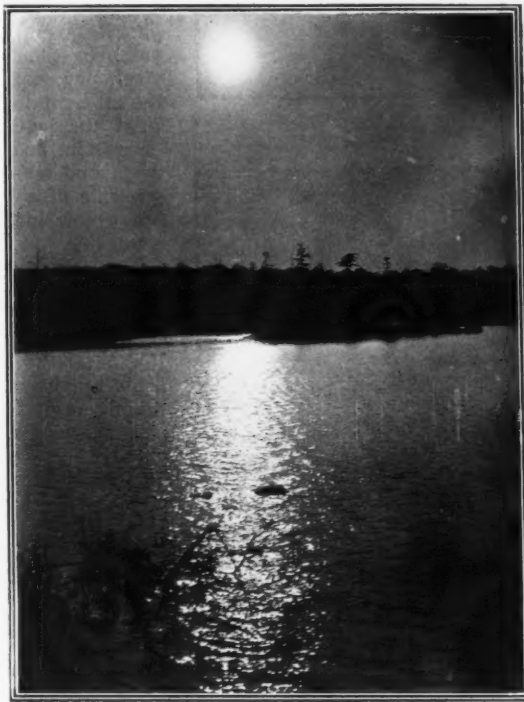
turn the channels seemed blocked—here by a bald fantastically-shaped rock, there by a pine-clad hill rounded and symmetrical. Or take some other lake, nestling deep among its hills: here the shore rises, rocky and bare, hundreds of feet sheer out of the water; there the hills fall back and the giant pines crowd down to the water's edge. Into this little bay a stream comes tumbling down and loses

itself in the midst of countless water-lilies that glisten in the sun and fill the air with fragrance—one of Nature's inimitable gardens.

Favoured though this land be, life is almost unbearable here during the early summer, save to the Indian or Half-breed; for then there is an active and unceasing demand for animal food from countless epicurean black flies, stag-

flies, and mosquitoes—to say nothing of the diminutive but blood-thirsty sand-flies. The supply of blood is limited, the capacity of these insects unbounded; so woe betide the unfortunate *voyageur* with an epidermis less than a quarter of an inch in thickness.

I was in the woods with a survey party one year during the fly season, and look back upon that experience as



NORTHERN ONTARIO—MOONLIGHT ON LAKE TEMAGAMI.



LAKE TEMAGAMI.



TEMAGAMI INDIAN AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTERS.

"Old Blacknose" is supposed to be over a hundred years of age.

upon a nightmare. I doubt, however, whether man's sufferings are as great in this respect as those of the unhappy deer and moose. These poor creatures are to be seen on every lake and river standing in the water with but their heads exposed, oblivious in their efforts to escape from their tormentors, even to the presence of man. However, by the first of August the studies in vivisection of these pests are well-nigh ended; for this reason the canoeist will be wise to postpone his start North until that date.

For exciting work to which a spice

of danger lends a charm commend me to running a rapid. The ordinary wooden canoe is not so well adapted for such work as the Indian's birch-bark, which is so broad amidships that it can be turned as upon a pivot, while the long, narrow wooden canoe is far more inclined to obey the dictates of the rushing boiling water—dictates prompting it to hurl itself on some knife-like ledge of rock—than to yield to the wishes of the steersman expressed through the medium of a light paddle. That there is an element of danger in the sport is evident when one recollects that the gunwale of a loaded canoe is but a few inches above the water line.

You glide out on that dark smooth slide of water at the head of the rapid. The die is cast, there is no turning back. Just ahead the dark water suddenly breaks into white, and the stream goes tumbling down in mad tumult through its avenue of trees. The canoe hurries on toward the broken water, headed for a narrow opening between two projecting rocks. She rushes safely through the passage, but the current snatches her and hurls her straight towards one of the partially-covered boulders

with which the channel is filled. Too late the bowman sees it. The danger is imminent; to strike would entail consequences too serious to think of. The bow of the canoe is almost on the rock, but a desperate stroke of the paddle thrusts her to one side, and she flies past the danger with no worse results than the loss of some paint. Down, down, in a cloud of spray, grazing rock after rock! A moment only of this wildly exhilarating work and already the foot of the rapids is reached. Here perhaps lies the greatest danger, for the water is piled up

into great broken waves that come leaping after the canoe, which is torn along with irresistible force. On, on! A final plunge! She tosses for a moment like a cork, then shoots out into calm water, whose circling eddies betray the struggles of the mighty current still surging below the surface.

The portage-paths are usually quite distinct and easy to follow on the customary canoe-routes, but away from these a path, or even an apology for one, is an unknown luxury. Here the only guide that one has through the thick underbrush is an intermittent line of

"blazed" trees, and when the marks of the axe become partly obliterated by age or hidden by the underbrush, what is there to guide one? Nor are the difficulties of keeping in the "narrow way" lessened to any material extent when one is buried under a canoe and overwhelmed, in addition, with a crushing load of camp-impedimenta. How jauntily you sling the canoe upon your shoulders, adjust your load, and set out at a trot over some portage. For the first hundred yards the forest is quite open, but the underbrush becomes thicker, and your pace soon slackens. Here a large tree has blown down across the portage, and you must push your way through the bushes to get around it. It is difficult to force the canoe through the tangle of branches, but at length the obstacle is passed. Now you find yourself in a damp marshy spot where the feet sink deep at every step. You are cheered, however, by the sight of a stretch of bare rock ahead—anything but this awful bog. The rock is reached but all trace of the path disappears. Not a "blaze," not even a broken twig! You are confident of the direction, however, and

push on and on, until a perpendicular cliff bars your advance, and bears unmistakable witness to your faulty judgment. Nothing for it but to turn back! But it is soon certain that you have lost your bearings. You put down the canoe and look around for some landmark. None! Profanity affords so little relief that in despair, you determine to strike again into the thicket vainly hoping to find the line of blazed trees once more.

Only one who has actually experienced it knows the tremendous expenditure of moral courage it takes to



POLING UP A RAPID.



THE MATAGAMI RIVER.

Emptying the water from the canoes after running the Two-Mile Rapid.

shoulder that load again in cold blood. The spirit says "Go," the flesh, "Stay." You go and prove the superiority of mind over matter. The deeper you go the thicker becomes the underbrush. Despair seizes you. The weight of the canoe bruises your shoulders, the dunnage-bag on your back becomes a combination of corners and lumps, the rifle in your hand catches in every bush. You stagger on, nearly blinded by perspiration; your knees are ready to collapse. In utter anguish you groan and say with the poet, "The burden laid upon me is greater than I can bear,"—But all things, good or bad, must end sometime. The supreme moment comes

when you feel that you *must* give up—when Joy!—a broken twig, ablazed tree—you have found the portage.

But one soon becomes reconciled to portaging and towards the end of a trip even welcomes it as a change from paddling. Much depends,

of course, on the way in which the load is adjusted and pack-strap fastened. When portages of two and even three miles are not infrequent, every extra pound counts, and supplies must be curtailed as much as possible if everything is to be carried across the portage in one trip. Only the plainest and strongest foods should be taken—"multum in parvo" is the motto. Flour, pork, beans, salt and tea are necessities—so perhaps are rice, dried apples and a few pounds of sugar. On such fare, supplemented by fish, game and berries a man can live like a prince.

This canoe-trip through Northern Ontario offers great opportunities to a

man with anything of the sportsman in him. At different times during the last six summers I have paddled through this district in all directions—as far north as Lake Abitibi and Fort Matachewan, the Hudson Bay Company's post on the Montreal River, and as far west as Lake Mata-gami and Lake Biscotasing. Mata-gami and Abitibi lie to the north of the Height of Land, and their waters flow into James Bay. The more one sees of the land the more he is impressed with the fact that the country is simply a vast natural park stocked with game, fish and fur-bearing animals of many varieties.



INDIANS FINISHING A BIRCH-BARK.

It is very seldom that the "Tenderfoot" comes across a bear in this thickly-wooded country, no matter how ardent a sportsman he may be; for Bruin has an instinctive knowledge that his hide is worth some fifteen dollars at any Hudson's Bay Company's post, and con-

sequently always tries to avoid notice. Only in the early summer or when wounded and brought to bay will he attack man. Personally I have assisted at the shooting of but one bear (and a cold-blooded murder it was), but the Indians get a great many—generally, however, in the autumn or spring and with the aid of traps. Fastened on the trees in front of one Indian hut I counted no fewer than eighty-four bear-skulls. Near Fort Matachewan another Indian has set up a similar proof of his prowess. Last winter two Indian boys from Lake Temagami, one thirteen and the other fifteen, trapped and killed nine bear

during the season. For six months these two boys lived alone in the forest, many miles from home. It is a rough school, but one that turns out men of splendid physique and great endurance. No "degenerate red men" are these Indians, whose lives are spent in the toils and hardships of hunting and trapping.

My first experience with a bear long furnished a subject of banter in camp. It was long, long ago, so I do not mind telling the story. Two of us, "The Waif" and myself, had left camp in a canoe to get a pailful of berries.

We were young and very verdant, and had great faith in the traditional ferocity of the bear nature. A short paddle brought us to an open space which promised to be a good spot for blueberries. The ground was very rough and broken, and was

strewn with large masses of rock which had fallen from the cliff above. We landed, leaving the rifle in the canoe, and set to work. The berries were plentiful; in a quarter of an hour, having filled my pail, I was ready to return to camp. "The Waif," I knew, was near me, because for several minutes I had

heard him moving about just on the other side of the large mass of fallen rock behind which I was seated picking. I stood up to tell him that I was ready to go. "Come on—," but I got no further. It is rather disconcerting, to say the least, to glance over a rock expecting to see a friend, and in-

stead to find oneself face to face with a bear in the act of raiding your berry-patch. But this was the predicament in which I found myself. I am naturally impulsive, and now, acting on the impulse of the moment, I ran—ran for the rifle (as I have always maintained, though opinions have differed on this point). Neither did Bruin altogether retain his composure; he had evidently been as much taken by surprise as I had, for a heavy wind blowing directly towards us

had played havoc with his powers of scent. So, considering his hide of more value to himself than to the Hudson Bay Company, Bruin ran too, in groundless terror, and with such precipitation that he failed to notice "The Waif," who was still calmly picking berries some fifty yards away.



A GORGE ON THE ABBITIBBI.



FALLS ON BRUNSWICK HOUSE RIVER.



NORTHERN ONTARIO—EVENING IN THE HUNTING GROUNDS.

unconscious of the stirring events that were taking place so near him. Crash! "The Waif" looked up. A bear! Thirsting for human blood, perhaps! The occasion called for presence of mind and immediate action. Would he, like David, attack the bear unarmed and slay him, or would he get the rifle and despatch him in the orthodox manner? It would certainly be far more picturesque to dash his brains out with the tin berry-pail, but death by shooting appeared less painful. Far be it from "The Waif" to cause unnecessary suffering; and, like myself, he also ran for the rifle. Perhaps there was some little delay while we collected our thoughts and firearms, perhaps we were a little too cautious in our advance—whatever the reason, when we reached the berry-patch the bear was gone. As soon as we were convinced that he was really nowhere in the neighbourhood, we redoubled our efforts to find him, but, alas! in vain—that bear's discretion had saved his life.

Among the victims immolated on the camp-fire as votive offerings to appease

or no sport, being stupid and tame to a degree. I have seen a whole covey brought down one by one from a tree in which they had taken refuge—decapitated with the rifle. It was interesting work from the markman's standpoint, but no doubt unsportsman-like; but then it is also unsportsman-like to feel hungry or long for a change from fish and salt pork. Even the most scrupulous sportsman could, doubtless, compound with his conscience while demolishing a liberal helping of pot-pie with partridge as the main ingredient.

"Porcupine" does not sound appetizing, but roasted in the ashes, quills and all, it is delicious. Among the Indians it used to dispute with beaver the title of the *pièce de résistance* at their great feasts. Porcupine are still plentiful, but the days of the beaver seem numbered. The "beaver-meadows" that one finds on every little stream show how numerous at one time these valuable animals were. But nowadays it is only on the most remote rivers and lakes that they can be found. They are, however, by no

therighteous fury of that exacting Deity, the Canoeist's appetite, appear part-ridge—"birds," as the back-woodsmen call them—duck, and porcupine. The part-ridge of these Northern woods afford little

means yet extinct, for every winter a considerable number are trapped by the Indians. In spite of our Ontario Game Laws the traders buy all the skins they can obtain, to hold them till the close season for beaver expires in 1900, when they will place them on the market. In the early days before the advent of the white trapper, and even in recent years, each Indian had a recognized district in which he trapped. Thus, when a man found a colony of beaver, he could often leave them undisturbed for a couple of years to multiply and grow in size. Nowadays in self-defence he must kill the goose that lays the golden egg, for fear that some stranger will find his treasure—for a colony of beaver are a valuable asset, when the Hudson Bay Company will give from eight to ten dollars worth of goods for a large skin.

I have several times seen the large conical "beaver-lodges" built of the trunks of saplings in a sandy bay of some lake, but only once have I come across one of the famous "beaver-dams." Returning to camp one after-

noon with a bag of partridge, I was pushing my way through a thicket of small saplings, endeavouring to follow the course of a creek, when I came upon a place where many of the smaller trees had apparently been chopped off near the ground. Nothing but the stumps remained, and everywhere there were scattered large chips; the work was done as neatly as if with an axe. I knew that I must be near a colony of beaver, and a short distance farther down stream found the village of these woodcutters. The creek widened out into a fairly large pond; in it were four of the unmistakable beaver-lodges. The reason for the widening of the stream was not far to seek, for across the foot of the pond was a convex line of branches and saplings, denuded of bark and partly covered with mud, perhaps not the marvel of engineering skill, of which we read in our school-books (for the branches were certainly not dovetailed into one another), but an extraordinary piece of work, nevertheless.

(To be concluded next month.)

MUSIC.

MUSIC, what art thou not! The soul of things:
 The lyre of Amphion in the Theban eve
 Moving the stones; or when great Orpheus sings,
 The trees and rocks Olympian places leave.
 Music! the soft employment of far spheres,
 Where they alone can hear their drifted song;
 The deep inspirer of the joy divine
 That wakes returning years;
 The blissful voice of the great vernal throng,
 That from Apollo brought their lyrics fine.
 O! nightingale, singing o'er Orpheus' grave,
 At lone Libethra, in the Grecian night,
 What classic woe is thine! What love can save
 Thee from thy grief and from thy mournful plight!
 Yet sing, thou kin of singing stars sublime;
 Orpheus yet hears thee on Olympus' side;
 His lyre and soul move with thee through the spring,
 Hymning the golden time,
 And Argonauts upon the ocean wide,
 And sirens, his unmatched song silencing.

John Stuart Thomson.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. IV.

BYRON EDMUND WALKER.

IT has often been said that so far in her history Canada has produced no great divines, no great linguist, no poet of more than ordinary merit, and no prose writer whose works are much above mediocrity. This may be true, and the wonder would be if it was not so. The conditions of Canadian life up to a very recent date have not been favourable to those who would excel in literature or the sciences. The battle for the necessities of life for the vast mass of Canadians has been too keen to permit parents to give their children, even if of exceptional ability, the benefit of early and constant scholastic training. The consequence has been that, though Canada may, and doubtless does, possess men who, under more favourable circumstances, would have become noted in the literary or scientific world, these latter have become mere units in the "*Οἱ πολλοί*" of everyday life. They are excellent in their way and in their own circle, "only that and nothing more."

But true as the foregoing assertions may be as regards the men who have devoted their lives and energies to literature in its various forms, to theology or to the fine arts, the same thing cannot be said of the men who have taken up the financial and business concerns of the Dominion. They have succeeded in making Canada not a mere cluster of disjointed provinces, cities, towns and villages, so far as business is concerned, but a great commercial nation with a vast export and import trade, and with credit on the Exchanges of Europe second only to that of the Mother Country itself.

For able bankers, for shrewd financiers, for the most capable of employers of labour, Canada has never had to go outside her own boundaries. These men have been home grown,

of native production, "racy of the soil."

One of the most notable among the men who have done yeoman service to Canadian commerce is Mr. B. E. Walker, the general manager—the commander-in-chief, so to speak—of the small army of managers and clerks who, subject to the Board of Directors, conducts the affairs of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. This bank, with its branches in all parts of the Dominion, with its correspondents in all the chief cities of Great Britain, Ireland and Europe, with agents in India, Ceylon, Japan and Australia, is, as are some other similar concerns, one of the marvels of Canadian progress. Forty years ago such institutions were not even dreamed of; most people thought they were not wanted, that they could not be made to pay. Far-seeing men were, though, of a different opinion, and acted on it; the supply of banking facilities created a demand, and at the present time the amount on deposit in the various country branches of our banking institutions, excluding the cities *in toto*, is greater in amount than was the case forty years since in the entire district formed by the present provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It is but sixty-five years ago that a customer established a "record" at the Bank of Upper Canada by depositing and having to his credit "all at once" the then enormous sum of £3,000 sterling, or \$15,000!

Byron E. Walker is a native Canadian, was born in Haldimand, Ontario, a little more than fifty years ago, and was educated at the public schools. He commenced his business career in Hamilton as a clerk to his uncle, Mr. J. W. Murton, a private banker in the "Ambitious City." In 1868, before he had completed his

twentieth year, he had entered the Bank of Commerce. So zealously did he discharge his duties, so well did he fulfil the apostolic injunction, "whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do, do it with thy might," that in four years' time he, a mere stripling of twenty-four years, was accountant in the head office, Toronto. After this he became third agent of the bank in New York; Manager at Windsor, Ont.; Manager at London, Inspector of the bank, Manager at Hamilton, joint agent at New York, and finally, in October, 1886, General Manager of the bank.

Mr. Walker has opposed, and opposed successfully, all attempts to assimilate our system of banking with that pursued in the United States. He has been chairman of the banking section of the Board of Trade; first a vice-president then twice president of the

Canadian Bankers' Association; and is also a trustee and senator of Toronto University. In addition to these offices he is president of the Canadian Institute, a Fellow of the Geological Society of England, and also a director of the Canada Life Insurance Company.

But this is not all: he can on occasion spare time to preside at a meeting of the Women's Art Association or to attend a banquet given by Canadian authors. He has himself written most lucidly and forcibly on banking, on Italian art and on bimetallism. These include a tolerably wide range of subjects and thought, yet Mr. Walker has written on no subject which has not acquired increased interest to the reader of



MR. B. E. WALKER—TO-DAY.



IN 1870.



IN 1885.

his articles, from the mere fact that he has discussed it.

Politically Mr. Walker is said to be a Liberal. He is probably more of a

"Philosophic Radical" than anything else, his publicly-expressed views coinciding in many important respects with those of John Stuart Mill, Henry Fawcett and Auberon Herbert. With vain theories such as the abolition in Canada of all monarchical forms of government and the substitution of a pure democracy, Mr. Walker has no sympathy—they are of no practical value; he has to use a homely phrase, "no use for them or their supporters." He is a man of the people, whose aim is to serve well those from whom he has sprung. He is not insensible to honours when duly earned; what thoughtful man is? And he appreciates, as he has the right to do, the comfortable home and pleasant sur-

roundings which are his. He owes them to his own industry, his own energy; and may he be spared many years to enjoy them.

Mr. Walker married just twenty-five years ago Miss Alexander, of Hamilton. It may be remarked without being considered impertinent that in his choice of a wife Mr. Walker displayed his usual excellent judgment. Mr. and Mrs. Walker have a son who bids fair to take a prominent place in the scientific world.

It is to be hoped the time is yet distant when the epitaph of Mr. Walker will have to be written. But he would wish no better than this: "Write me as one who served his fellow-men."

T. E. C.

FRANCOIS LEBOEUF, THE OLD VOYAGEUR.

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY CANADIAN HEROES.

"**H**OSANNA ! Hosanna ! Béni soit Dieu. Gloire à celui qui vient sauver le monde," sang a quaint voice on the shores of the Ottawa one May evening just as the sun was setting.

"I say, Jack, that last bit sounds very well in French—I like it better than in English," said a cheery voice.

The speaker, Tom Shelton, was a large, powerful, good-natured medical student, who, after a winter of severe study, was taking a canoe trip from Ottawa to Montreal as a much-needed recreation. His companion, Jack Halborough, was of a delicate, nervous disposition, passionately fond of music, and the possessor of a voice fascinating in its quaintness.

It was the evening of the third day of their voyage, and they had decided to pitch their tent on the west shore below the Long Sault Rapids, which they had just "run." In choosing the spot for the camp, they discovered the little Rideau River which falls over the abrupt bank of the Ottawa at this

part. The beauty of the stream with its enticing trout pools was not to be resisted, and they soon had their canoe hauled up, tent pitched, and preparations made for the night. Tom had his rod out trying to increase their bill-of-fare, and Jack was watching him from the tent and singing snatches of familiar songs. The echoes of the song had scarcely died away when an old, weather-beaten man came up the bank carrying a peeled willow fishing-pole in one hand and a long string of fish in the other. The old fisherman appeared slightly stooped and very wrinkled in countenance. His straight black hair, with all its lustre retained in spite of his ninety years of age, his high cheek bones, dark restless eyes, and copper-tinted skin, all proclaimed a taint of Indian blood inherited from his forefathers.

It was evident that the song had attracted him, for he came over to a seat by the tent exclaiming the while: "*C'est beau! c'est beau! encore! encore!*" Jack rather hesitated at first,

but, after renewed demands on the part of the old fisherman, sang song after song, chiefly in French, with the effect of fascinating his listener more and more. In fact, Tom realized that the listener had been passing through the stage of admiration and fascination until he approached that stage of mental subjugation which is akin to mesmerism. As Tom had given up fishing and gone to prepare supper, Jack, hoping to draw out the old man, complimented him on his fine string of fish and offered to buy some of them. The old fisherman was greatly incensed at being offered money for them by the "bourgeois," and immediately began to prepare them after his own primitive way. The boys watched him with interest, and could not but admire his results in cooking. The meal over, the old man produced his pipe, and, with that deliberation of movement seen only after a satisfying meal, proceeded to fill and light it. As in shadowy curls the smoke arose in the cool night air, the smoker glanced from it to the face of the singer and back again. In the wreaths of rising smoke he seemed to see some ghostly visitor, and his rapidly-shifting gaze suggested the idea that he was comparing the living with the dead. After a few minutes of uninterrupted observation, he appeared satisfied, his face relaxed, and he gave a grunt of conviction. Jack, hoping to learn more of their singular visitor, remarked: "This must have been a fine hunting-ground years ago."

For some time this remark elicited no response, but finally the old hunter turned to Jack and said: "You know all 'bout mon grandpere Francois Lebœuf? Non? C'est curieux, because he use for sing jus' like you." After gazing into the fire and silently drawing his pipe a few breaths he resumed: "Francois, he's be great hunterman—de bees man for catch de *castor* I never see. He's leev on de wood all de tam, an' never sleep on de house. He's show me how for catch de fish, an' shoot de moose an' caribou; but one day he pass on hees canoe for make a

long *voyage*. He paddle down de Ottawa an' St. Lawrence so far as de Richelieu, an' den he pass up de Richelieu till he reach de big lake. Dere he's *caché* his canoe an' pass on dose ole Iroquois hunting-groun'. I 'pose he go over dere for die, for he never come back no more. You see hee leev dere long time ago, was 'beeg man' in Iroquois camp, when lots of Iroquois stay dere. *Mon grandpere*, he never say much 'bout dat time, but *ma grandmere* she be Iroquois squaw, and she tole me lots, all 'bout his fader an' his grandfader. She tole me dat his gran'fader was so great man for sing, dat when he be *prisonnier*, de beeg medicine-man was come to his wigwam for make de talk wid him. I be sure me, dat *le bon Dieu* was help him much, for after dat he's be make *marié* wid de daughter of de chief, and den be great medicine-man."

The old man had such an earnest way of speaking that his listeners were carried away with him, and pictured to themselves a lone, weary captive, in a cheerless wigwam, expecting a horrible death by torture, raising his voice in prayer and song to the great God who rules us all.

After a few moments Jack queried:

"And did he not try to escape?"

"No use for dat," resumed the hunter, "he's kill too many brave in battle to be loose like dat."

"You see dat bush on de fiel' near by the reever side? *C'est bien!* dat is where he fight—long time ago—avec le Capitaine Dollard."

"De Iroquois on dat time be great warrior, have many village wid plenty wigwam on de oder side de St. Lawrence. All de tribe have decided for pass on Canada in de spring and kill all de Frenchman, get plenty scalp, and boss all de countree. Dollard was brave sodger man from *La Belle France*. He's take wid him sixteen *camarade*, an' afer dey say deir las' mass, dey pass on canoe up de Ottawa to meet *les sauvages*. I tink, me, dose man be more brave dan dey be now, for dey make prepare to die, an' pass up so far as here where de Sault stop

dem—and all de time dey know so well dey never see deir frien' again. Over dere by dat bush dey was place deir camp an' make use some ole palisade dey find. In few day de Iroquois was shoot le Sault, an' be very please dey find some scalp so soon."

A few more puffs at the pipe, and a careful study of the rising smoke followed this, and he resumed :

"On stormy night when I smoke by de fire it seem to me I see jus' how dat fight was carry on. De wind in de leave an' tall pine tree was seem like de howl of many brave as dey rush for break de palisade an' kill dose few Frenchman. I seem to see dose poor man how dey fight all day, an' when de night was come must fight some more, while *les sauvages* try for burn de palisade. I see so plain how Frenchman dat's feel like die, is do hees bess' for eat his meat an' corn with not'ing for drink. I see him stop—he's be so tirsty, an' den I see one tall brave man pass down de reever an' bring him back some water, while de *sauvage* do deir bess' for kill him. I see many night follow many day, an' all de time I see dose braver man was fight, an' pray, an' sing, more sure each day dey soon would see deir King. I see more Iroquois in large canoe pass up de Ottawa to join in de *grande* attack. Dey fight an' fight some more, an' lose so many brave dey be some 'fraid dey mus' go back an' lose dose scalp. An' den when de fire burn low I see so plain how dose poor man was get so weak dey hardly can shoot deir *fusil*. Some was wound an' some was dead, while de mos' brave *sauvage* prepare for make de las' attack. In de howl of de wind I hear de many warhoop as dey try for break de palisade, an' as de wind make strong de fire until it be dead, so dose warhoop make strong dose weak man until dey too be dead. When de fire go out, I look up at de sky, an' dere among de cloud an' star I see so clear all de same brave face as of dose ole *voyageurs*, an' if de wind blow soff, I hear dose ole, ole song dey use' to sing as dey wait on dis bank for deir las'

fight. Den de levee an' de wind an' de rapide in de reever all join for sing dat grand chanson, '*Beni a Dieu*.' Sometime I wish for chances for be brave an' please *le bon Dieu* like dat, but dey never seem to come at all. Den I be glad for know dat *mon parent* Francois Lebœuf have fight dat time, an' help for save his Canada, an' dat *les Iroquois* was carry him home after dat long fight for make de great torture an' maybe burn 'live. He be mos' dead when dey arrive, an' so dey leave him few days for come more strong, so he's make more better de many torture.

"But dis *le bon Dieu* would not allow, so he's join de tribe, an' *marîé* de daughter of de chief. *Ma grandmere* tole me dat he's be drown on Niagara when he's try for save some poor squaw from pass over *la chute*. Even de waters seem to know dat he's be brave man, for dey pass him on de shore jus' same as 'fore he be drown—wid a smile on his face—an' *ordinairement* dere be noting leff at all of man dat pass over *la chute*. De Iroquois be very scare 'bout dat, an' many de story I hear tole how de Great Spirit was talk wid him at night, an' how dey was arrange together all de raid an' hunt an' everyting.

"For long time dey not bury him, but tink his spirit be gone wid de Great Spirit for make little visit in de happy hunting groun'; praps dey be right, for I be sure if he once be dere, he never like for come back again among dose lazy Indian dog.

"Dey say dat where he pass over *la chute* some little islan' grow up on dat spot an' make divide *la chute*. Maybe dat's so; but I tink, me, dat Indian be so scare he don't see islan' before."

A few long puffs at the pipe, after a swift, keen glance at the darkening sky and forest, and he continued :—

"I be sure dat *mon parent* live on de sky wid *le bon Dieu*, for all thro' my life I seem to feel dat he look down at me, an' when I be in danger he ask *le bon Dieu* for make me brave an' strong—when I be hungre, he show me where's de game—when I be wet, he send de sun for dry me, an' I be sure when I die he's be one dose *angele* for

take me on de sky. I be ole man now, but I be ready when *le bon Dieu* please for call me, an' I be glad for make dat las' *portage* to join dose brave *voyageurs* an' sing wid dem dose ole, ole song. But *le bon Dieu* choose his own time for call me, an' to-night it seems to me his time is mos' arrive. When I'se be fish on de reever to-night I look at de sun as he go to hees bed, an' find him so red dat de cloud an' de wood an' de reever all be red jus' like blood. Dat's make me tink of de time, so long 'go, when dis bank and dis reever be paint wid the blood of de many dead, an' den I s'pose I fall 'sleep, for I dream I'se hear de voice of many peopl' as dey sing, an' when I come near I see plenty fine wigwam wid lots of game an' fish hung roun'. In front dere be many *voyageurs* wid strange dress an' hat, all sit roun' nice fire. Dey look so fat an' happy wid lots *peltrie* an' very few gun an' trap, dat I sees it mus' be very fine place for hunt. I look on deir face, but don't know dem, an' everyting, even de tree an' de bush, seem so strange I don't know what for tink. Jus' when de sun is set, one tall, strong man stan' up an' begin for sing, '*Beni a Dieu*,' an' as he sing dey all seem for rise an' float 'way in de air till dey pass in de cloud, an' I see dem no more. Den I wake up an' hear you sing de las' of your song, '*Glorie a ceux qui*

vièn sauver le monde,' an' I feel sure dat I soon will join dose singer by de camp fire, where de *peltries* is plenty, de *portage* be short, an' de sun is always shine."

The old man put up his cherished pipe, rolled himself in his blanket before the fire, and dropped off to sleep. The boys were very tired, and, after some whispered comments, passed into the tent to their couches of fir boughs.

At sunrise next morning Tom was astir, as he wished to get an early start. The old hunter was lying in exactly the same position as on the previous evening. After being about for some time he became suspicious that all was not right with their friend, and removed the blanket from his face. One look and touch was enough to convince him that the old hunter had passed to join his much beloved ancestor in the happy hunting grounds. Although their acquaintance had been short it was in many ways a sad awakening to our young *voyageurs*. The modest old man, with his simple faith and great love for nature and nature's noblemen, had made a lasting impression on them both.

An Impression

Which directs, like favouring currents,
Life's bark on its long *voyage*,
Brings it safely by rocks and rapids,
To its last mysterious *portage*.

George Fisk.

TWILIGHT.

PALE the first stars, and paler the last light ;
And dimmer grow the glories of the field ;
And when the day is fading on my sight,
I hear the pure-toned, peaceful church-bells pealed.
The world grows still, and evening's orison
Swells from the bosage and a thousand throats.
Upon the glittering peaks the sun's last beams
Signal that day is done,
And in the hallowed west, a bright cloud floats
Touched with the glory of immortal dreams.

John Stuart Thomson.



PEACEFUL SLUMBER.

PAUL POIRIER'S BEAR-TRAP.

THE night his small flock of sheep came home panting, with a hunted look, and one more of their number missing, was the night Paul Poirier made the resolve which this story is to trace.

It was in the French part of Canada, and early spring. Paul's family of children was large and his farm poor. If ends were to meet, nothing must be lost. The winter had been hard, and the supply of hay for the stock had run low. The French Canadian's flock of sheep were the first to take a brave view of the situation. Day by day as the sun stripped the great blue-berry heath of snow, they had ranged farther and farther back towards the heavy woods, some five miles away. Neither Paul nor his wife hindered them, for every bite the sheep got on the heath meant one more for the cows in the barn.

But the flock had suffered severely. Nine had dwindled to five. Both Paul and his wife put their loss down to "the bear." Paul had borne each succeeding diminution in his small flock with strength and evenness; he accepted it as hard fate, and went about his work. But this last loss was too much. It was the best sheep of his flock. Bruin was going too far; so Paul braced himself and vowed vengeance.

"I'll have that bear if it takes a month," he said next morning, as he bade his wife good-bye and set out across the heath. He carried a small axe, his gun and some food. Paul was not superstitious nor timid—he never had been and he was resolved not to be now; still, as he climbed the rear fence of the small farm, he was not sure that he was as free from misgivings as if he had been going to his ordinary work. From the door his wife followed him with her eye till he grew small on the wide, brown heath; then turned to pacify a squalling baby.

"I'd rather someone was with him," she muttered to herself, lifting the child to her breast.



The morning was one of those rare ones that pay up for a whole winter, no matter how severe it may have been. The sun was still low, but it shot warm and sharp over everything. The winter was clean gone. Quick new life was pulsing into everything. The small streams and brooks had slid snake-like from their old covers, and were worming their way between the brown knolls to the river. It was good to be alive that morning, and to be there on the heath.

Paul's strong blood beat warmly through his veins. The morning had braced the misgivings out of him, not one was left. He was already persuaded of victory. What he would gain—furs were high, he had heard—stirred him more now than the thought of what he lost had done the previous night. Then, in addition to this, he would have revenge on his old enemy.

In less than an hour Paul was on the doomed bear's track. It led straight towards the heavy woods. Here, just as he entered, Paul discovered just what he expected, the mangled remains of his latest loss. There were bunches of wool here and there, a number of well-licked bones, and some small remains of flesh. Paul gathered the pieces of flesh quickly and went on. This was just what he had wanted. He now had bait for his "dead-fall." He was a step nearer victory and revenge. The activity of his mind, stirred anew by what he had seen at the edge of the forest, reacted on his body, and he found himself racing viciously along at fully double his former pace.

But the average bear is well up in ethics. He knows right from wrong, and when he commits a wrong he always knows that the safest point for him

is the one farthest away from the place where the wrong may have been done. So it may not after all be incredible that we should find Paul at two o'clock in the afternoon still on the bear's trail, but still without the bear.

But Paul was not in the least discouraged. He munched some more of the food he had brought as he rested for a moment or two; then he hit upon a capital site for his dead-fall and went to work.

What the dead-fall is may be partly understood from its name. When completed it resembles a miniature log-camp. Three sides are securely logged up, and on the other is the entrance. Inside there are three strong stakes skilfully notched and placed as an upright right-angle triangle. The "trip-stick" which forms the hypotenuse of the triangle is fitted to the stick on which the bait is placed. The bait may be reached by the bear going half way into the trap, so that as soon as the trip-stick slips from the notch the huge logs, that have been suspended, fall across the entrance, and the prize is secure.

In three hours from the time he began Paul was placing the bait he had brought upon the place intended for it. He was sure his trap was well built and strong, and that it would "spring" easily. The bear, he knew, was in the woods beyond, and in all probability would return again when hungry for the remains of the sheep he had left, or for another one. Paul sat down for a few minutes on a great fallen log opposite his rude trap, and then, for the first time since last night, lit his short, strong clay pipe. He felt fully satisfied as he looked through the smoke at his finished work. He was not given much to imaginings, but reason how he would he could not help seeing the old enemy of his harmless flock half in the narrow doorway before him, crushed nigh to death with those great suspended logs. Some time next day he would be blowing out the beggar's brains.

He gathered up his few tools and

started away. But he had gone only a few yards when it occurred to him to return. He remembered once how a bear had come, pulled the bait from the stick, and left the trap unsprung. Perhaps the bait had better be looked to. He flung his right leg over the one log that formed the sill of the entrance to the dead-fall, and began to secure the bait. He had almost finished—was, indeed, drawing himself out—when, oh, horror! the giant trap sprang.

For an instant Paul was stunned, but it was for a second only. Like a flash, and with a rush, there came to the habitant a sense of the awfulness of his situation. Close on this followed the sharp, stinging pain from the bones of his right arm and leg. His body had been outside the trap, and he had thus escaped instant and awful death. But he was pinned as in the jaws of a vice of steel. The log that supported half-a-dozen others crossed his leg between the ankle and the knee, and his arm between the elbow and shoulder.



For some moments Paul made no attempt to free himself. He had been caught face downward, and to attempt to move, he knew, was useless. But his thoughts were not bound. They flashed back, then forward. Back to the small home away over the woods and the heath; then forward to the awful future. Had he battled through life this far, to end all thus? Was this his desert? He was miles in the woods. The trap was massively strong. Hate, revenge and hope of gain had mixed to make it so; and now of a sudden everything had recoiled. With this thought came another, the most horrible yet. What if the bear should come now! The trap was in its track. A few minutes ago, he was hoping—he was sure—it would return by this way. He knew it had done so before. But now—oh, if it should come now! Paul felt his arm and leg begin to numb and his face to burn. He put his free hand to the ground, and pushed himself up as far as he could. It

was not far, but the little liberty he had encouraged him. He felt his heart, which had stood still for a moment or two, thump strongly under his coat. Then the blood came warmly into his veins. With it came his resolution not to despair. It was cowardly to give up; he would not—not without a struggle, anyway. He put the gloomy thought away. He would free himself.

The axe with which he had worked was, alas! beyond his reach. He had put it down a few feet away as he had come back to the trap. He could have used it some with his free hand. His gun was nearer. With his left leg he drew it carefully towards him. It might be of great service, he thought. He felt for his strong pocket knife, and found it. With the thought of the knife had come another thin ray of hope. It would be of service in case the gun should fail. His most awful fear was that of the return of the bear. And then, too, perhaps, but only perhaps, he might be able to cut away the one log that would give him freedom.

He braced and nerved himself for one great test of strength before he should begin. With his free arm and leg firmly on the ground, and his body pressed close to the log above, he pushed and strained till his muscles stood out hard, and the blood seemed ready to burst from his face. But nothing gave or moved. The pains came sharply again as he relaxed his efforts. He sank with a groan and remained for a moment with his hot face on the cold ground.

It was with great difficulty he opened the knife and began. It was a monster task—a three-inch blade and a ten-inch log—but hope and fear make men attempt wondrous things. His position, too, was such that the knife could be used only to the poorest advantage. Slowly, however, and bravely with the pain of the crushed bones shooting through him, he began his slow deliverance—or rather what he hoped would end in that.

Now and then he stopped and glanced off among the trees. The slanting

beams of sunlight through them had become almost horizontal. It was coming on night. Was there anyone watching the sun draw down to the woods over the heath—he knew how it set from home—and expecting him? Would he be free before it again lit all the tops around, or would he—but he refused to think more. He turned again to his work.

But the difficulty of reaching the log where it must be cut tired his arm and made steady work impossible. Once as he rested he took some of the food from the pouch he had luckily not taken from his back and ate it. He was surprised to see how little there was. He had eaten more before than he had thought.

What he left had been carefully put aside, when a slight noise among the leaves startled him. A small, red, bushy squirrel was taking jerky leaps towards him; but as Paul moved his head it turned and suddenly raced almost to the top of a giant fir, pouring out as it went a torrent of indignation at the invasion of its exclusive territory. A moment later a woodpecker drummed vigorously on a hollow beech, then swooped down and off with a cry. A stray crow or two circled and cawed excitedly up above.

By and by sounds like these became less and less frequent. A cool air drew down through the forest heavy with chilling damp. Then the night began to settle quietly.



Paul turned again to his task; as he did so the hopelessness of it came to him as never before. He had done little or nothing, but of a sudden he hit upon something else. Indeed, several suggestions came to him at once. He had matches; could he not burn a part of the trap? He had a little powder and a few bullets; could he not shoot or blow one of the logs away? He brightened at the thought; then of his many plans he attempted to fix upon the best.

First he thought of setting fire, but this to be effective would have to be

done under the log that held him, and between his leg and arm. He gathered what brush and chips he could reach and placed them in position. Then he hesitated. What if the brush in parts beyond his reach caught, and from that some of the dryer wood? The log that held him was green and would burn last. The trap was a camp, and small though it was, if it burned at all, would burn fiercely.

Paul held the match in readiness for a time, but he did not strike it. To die by fire! What could be worse than that? He must try something else.

He imagined that by squeezing his leather powder bag between the logs that held him, and then igniting it, the cruel jaws that held him might be wrenched apart. His heart bounded when this thought first came, but it sank away, and the blood came cold again in his veins when he reasoned a moment.

He now turned his attention to his gun. It occurred to him that he might be able to deepen the notch he had already made in the log with his knife. He knew from the distance his gun carried that it would send a bullet through, or well into, the log above him. He attempted to bring the gun's muzzle to the place where the bullet would be most effective. It was not till then that he realized that to hold and fire the gun would be almost impossible, held as he was, in the trap. But after a time he found that this could be done.

The gun was a long-barrelled old-fashioned rifle. He had only one free hand, and with that he must hold the muzzle a little distance from and below the bottom of the notch.

How, though, was the trigger to be reached in order that the gun might be discharged?

The solution of this difficulty came by accident. In one of his movements he noticed he could reach to the lock of the gun with his foot. It came to him of a sudden, he could strip his foot and discharge the gun with his toe. He worked his boot off with difficulty, then

brought the muzzle almost to the log. He placed his toe on the trigger and prepared to push it. But he again hesitated. He could fire the gun, but could he re-load it?

He had looked upon the gun as his chief defence in case the bear should return. This thought—the worst of all—though he put it away, was ever before him. He must not run the awful risk of being unprepared for that. He pushed the gun from him with a groan. Then his head sank to the cold moist ground. None of his plans—and he felt that any of them might free him—dare be worked. This was what undid him. It was the cruel irony of it all that came home to him now, as never before.

He lay for sometime breathing hard against the ground. Before, he had put the awfulness of his situation away from him, but that was no longer possible. It was now dark. He had only a little food. The slightest movement on his part and there shot through him the most stinging pains. The chill was giving way to cold, for it was still early May. In addition to all these, there were the things behind and before—the things he must leave and the things he must meet. There were the little home and the children, and by this time the expectant anxious wife; that behind, then before him—oh, horror! before him, what? to be torn by the bear that might now come any moment? to die of the flaming thirst within him, or, after long-drawn out days of suffering, from pain and hunger? This was the future. Hope, that had helped before, was gone. He stared it all stolidly in the face; it was too horrible—far. His breath came short and dry. Pain from his crushed limbs swept his nerves and iced his blood. He was on the edge of madness.

Quivering in a tempest of pain, he raised his head. Then, he pushed his weak arm into the dark. His hand found the rifle's cold muzzle. There was one plan still, by which he might be free. The future, no matter

what it held, must be preferable to the present. He drew the gun's muzzle to within a hand-breadth of his brain. Then he fumbled with his foot for the lock. At the moment he found it a single blue star blinked through the tops and caught his eye.



It was the next morning. The sun, from the edge of the east, was firing the big spruce and hemlock tops into

flaming gold. A woman was hurrying along a trail underneath. A presentiment of evil had hunted her from home. The morning was cold, but the woman's face was flaming warm. She had come, in a moment, into view of something that wrenched from her a scream of horror. She sprang forward as one wild. Her strength became as the strength of ten. In a moment more she was kneeling low over her unconscious, but still living, husband.

Frank Baird.

THE SPIRE OF ST. IGNATIUS.

"Our largest hope is unfulfilled,
The promise still outruns the deed,
The tower but not the spire we build."

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE beautiful church of grey stone was fast approaching completion. For long and weary months the masons and carpenters had been at work on the grand building being erected by the good sisters of Notre Dame de Victoire.

"The builders' perfect and centennial flower...
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

That was all it needed, the one last touch without which it lacked everything. Its outline could be distinguished under the rough scaffolding on which Pierre Duval was standing.

In a day or two at most, he thought, the work of his hands would tower heavenwards; then the great gilt cross would be raised to the lofty spire and the church of St. Ignatius would be the perfect monument of Christian zeal and love it was intended to be.

The Angelus rang from the neighbouring convent. It had got too dark to work some time since, but as a painter is loth to leave his masterpiece for the night, and stands longing for an hour more of daylight, so Duval waited till the last possible moment before descending.

As he reached the ground he almost stumbled over a huge heap of stone, on

which had resounded all day the echoing blow of a hammer wielded by a strong arm. The young workman, Moise Lafortune, who had toiled all day in the cold November wind, had gone home a little while before, a cherry whistle on his lips and gladness in his heart.

Duval smothered an oath as he recovered his balance. Up there in the blue of the sky he had forgotten Lafortune, forgotten Leonie, forgotten himself. Absorbed in his work, the tap, tap of the hammer far below had been merged in the sounds he himself was making, but now an evil spirit rose in his heart. Only to think that Lafortune, a miserable stone-breaker, glad of the money he earned by the sweat of his brow, with no hope for any other than daily bread, to think that *he* should be Leonie's choice filled the unhappy Pierre with revengeful fury.

He stared moodily at the heap of broken stone till the gathering darkness enveloped him, and he went home.

The night wore on, the moon sailed serenely in the heavens, looking down placidly on hidden spire and heap of broken stone alike.



Duval was at his work earlier than the stone-breaker. It called to him, and he was filled with a consuming

unrest. Sweet Mother St. Agnes glanced out soon after dawn and saw a figure, dark against the wooden scaffolding.

"The beautiful church, the beautiful church," she whispered to herself ecstatically. She could see in her mind's eye the glorious tapering spire. How the rising sun would dart its shaft of fire upon the plates of copper girding it round! How would the sunset emblazon with living flame, and dazzle with its glittering glory, the crown and summit of all! And inside the flute-like voice of Mother St. Ignatius Loyola would soar on wings of song to the very gates of heaven.

Mother St. Agnes gave a little sigh. She had no voice to give to the church, but her willing hands embroidered the exquisite altar cloths and vestments for the priests, and she was satisfied after all. Her work was as the work of Lafortune. And he, too, was satisfied, though from a different cause.

He saw the workmen on the spire, and thought with a thrill of joy mingled with pity, that Duval had lost, and he, poor Lafortune, had won. He thought of the great church witnessing and blessing the first marriage held within its sacred walls, where Leonie was the fairest of all that should follow in her train, demure in simple white, as she had looked at her first communion, only far, far prettier.

Set to the tune of happy thoughts work goes lightly and swiftly, and the curé had promised that Lafortune should be the verger of St. Ignatius—and then Leonie would be his.

He happened to glance up suddenly to the roof of the church and saw Duval making preparations for lighting the tiny stove which was set on the platform of the scaffold, on which to cook a warm dinner. It must be nearly twelve then. How the morning had flown!

Lafortune sat down on the bag he used for kneeling on while at work, and drew out a hunch of bread which he attacked as only a hungry man can.

It was enough for him; Duval probably found it cold up there, and he had *un bon estomac* anyway, Pierre Duval had.

His hammer thrown aside, his eyes on the little hamlet of Notre Dame, Lafortune enjoyed his noonday meal and rest. His back was turned to the church; he seldom glanced at the worker far above him, but on a sudden there was a fearful cry. It seemed to start in the sky and resound on all sides; the air was filled with the horror of it. It struck the walls of the convent and Mother St. Agnes, looking out from the quiet refectory, saw a streak of flame shoot out a narrow tongue far up on the framework round the spire; saw a frantic man striving to stamp out the embers from his overturned stove, and saw no more, for with the cry of "*L'Eglise! au secours!*" she slid to the ground in a dead faint.

Moise echoed that first piercing cry; but he too could only stand and watch, held by a fearful fascination, while the tongue of fire became a cloud of flame and smoke. He did not know it, but he was shouting with all his might, "*Duval, descendez, descendez!*"

The latter was in a very dangerous position, but in his frenzied efforts to stamp out the fire had up to this time been oblivious of his own danger. His one thought was that the church must not be burnt.

A great crowd of people, the nuns and whole population of Notre Dame, were gathered all round the edifice. Lafortune rushed up to Leonie, whose pink dress caught his eye in his distress—

"Tell Duval to come down. Quick, he will come for you!" and obedient, she darted forward, pushing her way through the jostling throng.

Up to this time the hoarse shouts of the priests, the shrieks of the sisters warning Pierre of his danger, were apparently unheard by him. The crowd had been on the spot almost on the instant of the catastrophe, but he had paid no attention to their shouts in the hope of stamping out the flames.

But now one voice thrilled through and through him, a girl's voice, full of agonized entreaty.

"Pierre, mon Pierre, *descendez, descendez!*"—When would he not have listened to her? Indeed, he saw he had not an instant to lose. The platform on which he stood would be a mass of flames in a moment.

The hot breath of the fiery furnace scorched him; his hands and feet were blistered as he broke through the ring of fire and stepped down the rounds of the ladders. "Pierre, mon Pierre!" the cry still rang in his ears. His eyes were blinded and bloodshot, and he could not see the triumph of the mighty victor. Exulting in its power, it defied the streams of water brought to play upon it by the engines from the neighbouring city. The flames roared and played around the windows, and great volumes of smoke belched forth into the cool November air.

Leonie ran to Duval as he staggered to the ground.

"Look, look, the spire!" she said a few moments later.

With a groan he watched it, *his* spire, more beautiful than when it pointed serenely to the skies, wreathed round with orange flame, a grand though lurid spectacle—totter and sway and fall with one huge crash—and the

singing flames shoot higher in the heavens in its place.

He covered his eyes with his hand as she gently drew him away.

✱

"Never mind the church," he said, as he saw her look at the once magnificent building—"When I forgot it and came down for *you*, surely you will forget it for a moment and think of me. Did you mean it when you saved my life, and called me 'Mon Pierre?'"

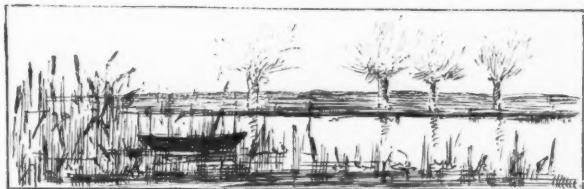
He gripped her arm fiercely. Her timid eyes were wide with terror and distress; she was afraid of this rough wooer. "No, no," she cried, "I didn't know what I said. I love Moise, only Moise."

He pushed her from him violently, and ran with all his speed to the blazing church. He was about to rush inside when strong arms seized him.

"Let me go, let me go," he shouted, struggling. "Let me die with my spire and my love."

But he was crazed, of course, they all knew, and they knelt on him and bound him till, when church and spire were a mass of ruins, merciful unconsciousness caused the gleaming light that danced mockingly in his eyes to melt within a sea of peace.

Florence Hamilton Randal.



THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

By Erle Cromer.

IV.—THE HUSKING BEE.

MINERVA FALCONER'S gospel was Falconer. There were but three of the name in Mums, and she thought as much of the other two as of herself. Given her choice, she had rather been the mother of two sons than of one son and one daughter. Having but one son she loved him with all the heart God had given her, and Minerva Falconer was a woman of strong passions. But she had a masculine grip on her heartstrings, which the majority mistook for stoicism. They called her a diplomat, and regarded her not without fear. She was the uncrowned queen of Mums. But she loved her only son better than all the rest of her subjects together. Ever since the death of the elder Falconer, good easy man, she had pondered nothing so deeply as Peart's success in life; and to Minerva Falconer success meant opportunity. The supreme opportunity at present was Caleb Tooze. Caleb was as useful to Mums as the knot on an oak; and in Minerva's philosophy about as tough. The little mummy! How could his heart beat so; on and on; when to judge from his face it was clear out of the world's great tune?

Patience, Minerva.

Yet all that patience, and the mistaken love from which it came, Peart Falconer stood ready to circumvent by a single stroke of crime the night he entered Caleb Tooze's cabin. Passion rather than premeditation had goaded him on. Passion—for the pure moral personality of that girl—also held him back. The struggle drove him out of the hut. From that moment crime and Pensee Vale fought for his morality. This way he gravitated; that

way he aspired. And the widow Falconer discerned it not.

Mums soon kaleidoscoped into its last grand pattern before snowfall. Strawstacks grew up yellow and straight as pyramids over the black barn-peaks and settled lopsided to the weather; corn crawled into shocks along the bush-edge; the early wheat-fields coaxed the green out of the trees; the woods got battlefields in their tops and began to smoke; and the black-birds at early morning swore like fishwives at the white frost that blacked the pumpkin-vines.

Falconers were the last to thresh. By a curious principle of mathematics that had never once been subverted in fifteen years, they had half as much wheat and twice as much chess and ragweed seeds off two farms as Mosses had off one. Minerva could have fought Rudge Moss and all his family connections for that. Peart didn't care. A chattel mortgage on the horses and cattle would pay the taxes. Perhaps the crop would make up the rent to Caleb Tooze. He scabbled in a patch of wheat; then he took to driving in his top-buggy behind his favourite team of iron-grays; nowhere in particular; just out of Mums, sometimes alone, sometimes with Rudge Moss on a Sunday; often past the school, and not seldom a good deal faster than seemed compatible with the state of the roads. He had corn to husk and hogs that would have been glad of the job. But he let the coons and squirrels fatten on it, while the hogs squealed gaunt about the straw-stack. It didn't matter to him that Mosses had their hogs in pen, already too fat to run. It did to Minerva. She liked contrasts too; but not that kind.

Despairing at length of getting the hogs up before Christmas, Minerva decided upon a husking-bee. Peart went so far as to ask the hands. He also picked up a waggon-load of windfall apples which he took to the cider-mill.

The day came. Most of the neighbours went to the bee; the Mosses, every one: Reuben, red-whiskered, in a bleached smock the colour of a potato-peel; Sylvia, his wife, pale, blue-printed and peaked, with a voice like a sleigh on frozen snow; Rudge, big, red-faced and lumbering, ready to husk with Peart Falconer against any two in the crowd.

Not a bare twig or a dead leaf rustled in the black woods along the slashing. Caleb Tooze's shanty-smoke curled a clear blue gimlet towards the grey cloud that hung as quiet as the sky over everything visible. But long before noon all the breezes in Ontario seemed to blow in the keg-burs, pig-weeds and Canada thistles in that front field of Caleb Tooze's—"the widow's weeds" somebody technically called them. They got a scuttling that day; all but an hour at noon, when a pack of crows on the grand tour dropped in there and sneered a lot of things about the green-horns at dinner up at the big house who didn't know enough to set the fodder-shocks over the corn-heaps. Then when bent old Caleb hobbled out of the shanty yelling "Sh—ooh!" and waving his stick up and down, they laughed sardonically and got heavily up to go south again.

Caleb watched the field after that. There was no dinner that day in the shanty. Minerva had told him the day before to follow the men when noon came. He didn't want to.

Nobody in all that crowd of huskers that afternoon noticed Caleb Tooze's window-blinds drop except Peart Falconer. Even he could only surmise that the old man had locked the door, though for what purpose he couldn't say.

It didn't matter. Caleb had pried up the loose puncheon near the bed often enough before. It took him

longer than usual to get it back that day. Afterwards he lit his lamp and performed some very curious but quite bachelor-like operations on the waist of his trousers with a needle and thread. When he had finished, he blew out the light, raised the blinds and unlocked the door. Standing at the window he could see a red figure drift along the wild grape-vines at the road-fence, past the huskers. He watched it with quivering lip. It was Pensee Vale on her way to Falconers' for supper.

The yellow ears flew like grasshoppers then. Right where Rudge and Peart husked at the same shock there was one in the air all the time. Rudge had the whole bee in his blood that day. Some of the old fellows rustled along like summer breezes, talking as much as they husked, about the top on the wheat, the fall fair, Caleb Tooze and Pensee Vale. Caleb might have been a mummy and Pensee a fairy for all Rudge cared just then. He did all his talking with his fingers; couldn't hear the racket the others made for listening to his own; didn't see a bit more of Peart all the afternoon than the swift pair of hands that clicked off the ears about three to his two, and nine times out of ten hooked in the last bunch of stalks from the middle, leaving him to set up the fodder with a clump! clump! clump! and a whoosh! double-quick into the shock, elm-bark jigging at his belt. Then he grabbed his sickle out of the weeds and plunged to the next corn-shock, shook it by the collar once, downed it and cut off its feet. Collie was always on the spot as much absorbed as his master. He always followed Rudge to the bees. Never a log in Rudge's gang at a logging that got "snaked" into a heap but he had to chew the rear end till it stopped. Never a shock Rudge tore down at a husking, but he had to be under when it fell. If he got the mouse he bolted it alive. If he didn't he scratched and snuffed a hole under the nearest stump big enough to hold all but his stub tail till the next shock came down. And the stub tail wiggled till it did.

It was getting dusk when Caleb Tooze began to carry in his night-wood. Rudge and Peart were four shocks from the slashing then. Peart whooped. Half-a-dozen whooped back in as many different keys, and half a score of others ran to set up the down fodder-bundles. It was time to quit.

But Rudge wanted to husk through. Peart laughed and struck off along with the other huskers. The fat fodder-shocks had white tags on them: the corn glimmered faintly in gold splotches among the weeds. Out at the road the huskers could hear Rudge rustling away among the stalks over by the slashing. Some of them followed Peart up the road; the rest went home.

Rudge was just finishing the last shock when Caleb Tooze came out of his shanty and hobbled along the headland. Caleb liked to talk to Rudge.

"Huh!" he squeaked, as he began to throw the scattered ears up on the pile, "nice way to farm, fatt'n coons an' squirl's, an' lett'n hogs turn to saw-horses. Nervy's had this place fifteen year an' nev' had a crop yit good nuf fer a wild Injun. Toted all the straw off an' nev' fetched a load o' manoor back on, that's what she's did. She's a wise gal, Nervy is, but there haint one o' the family knows how to farm. Had corn een this side ten year hand-runnin', an' nev' had nuthin' but keg-burs yit. Dang poor crop it is, and a dang poor lot o' husters some o' them fellers is, too, or they'd a' got done, 'pears to me anyway."

"Days haint so long as they wus in hayin' or we would a'," responded Rudge, as he pulled the last bunch of stocks up on his lap.

"Be a long hust an' a short hop then," drily observed Caleb. Say—"

The old man screwed the point of his stick into Rudge's bootleg. Leaning over so, he looked like a fossilized bird just come to life. Rudge stopped husking. Caleb's voice sank into a hoarse whisper as though he half feared somebody besides Rudge might hear him. But there wasn't even a katydid in the bush now.

"An' there'll be things said 'fore the dance is done it'll take more'n a hust-in' bee to rub out. Hee! Hee!"

Deliriously plucking at his trousers-belt the old man hobbled away and entered the hut.

V.—THE DANCE.

The dance that night was bigger than the bee. Falconer's stables were full. So was the yard. So was the big house.

It was Pensee Vale's first dance at Mums; almost her first visit to Falconer's or anywhere in Mums, except the shanty of Caleb Tooze. She might not have gone to that but for the widow's sweeping visit to the school in company with Molly the day before. Pensee didn't hate society. Oblivious of its claims upon her she simply shrank from it, never dreaming that to be a recluse at Mums was equivalent to high treason; or that of all the rollicking crowd that pounded the big square house into festivity that autumn night after the husking-bee she was the focus. Near her prim white collar she wore a pale yellow flower, the only wild thing that suited her along the road from school. It tried to wilt into her dress before the first dance was done. The cause may have been the severely benign aspect of the widow who certainly regarded Pensee with more than half an eye; or the simpering scrutiny of Molly who, with a flanging green bow under one side of her pudding chin, was in a nervous chill of imitation; or the burly looks of Rudge Moss who couldn't keep Molly long enough away from his homespun, celluloid and red face to ask Pensee for a dance. Rudge had lived ten months under the same roof with Pensee without so much as a walk or a buggy-ride with her alone. He dimly realized now that he might be just as well acquainted with her ten years hence unless he should make bold to dance with her that night. It was getting to be the joke of the section.

Peart Falconer also watched Pensee Vale. For the first time since the night he had tried to rob Caleb Tooze

and couldn't because of the thought of her, she was under his mother's roof. It seemed to him she brushed the people with wings. He scorned them all in comparison, and himself most of all.

The second waltz in the long parlour was done and the fiddle just howling through its preliminaries for the Devil's Dream when Pensee and Peart passed out through the crowded kitchen. The cider-barrel stood on a big maple block near the pump, right in the glare of the window.

Peart rinsed the tin dipper at the pump and tapped Pensee a drink.

"It's everybody's mug," he said tersely; "I'd get you a glass, but you'd call me a fool for my pains."

Pensee laughed low as she took it.

"True courtesy makes nobody a fool," she said gently.

"I'll get you the glass," he said quickly. "Pardon me."

"Not so," she replied smiling. "You have proved your courtesy. I must not spoil mine. I am not too good to drink after others. Indeed, we are all one I think, if we love one another. Shall we drink to that, each a half?" She offered him the dipper.

Peart turned aside. "I quite forgot," he said crisply, "you believe in charity by the rule of three and love by the grammar. You are a school-teacher."

Something in the tone caused Pensee to recoil. She set the dipper down without drinking.

"Nothing more?" she asked piquantly as she reclined on the maple-block and laid her arm on the barrel. "Well I'm sure if I am only a school-teacher, I try to love people."

"All the world's a school you mean," he suggested.

"It ought to be," she replied quickly.

"Would be if we'd all try to learn."

"Not so far from my good mother's philosophy either," he observed half to himself. "She believes Mums is a nursery."

"Your mother *is* a good woman, Mr. Falconer," said Pensee warmly. "She's kind. If she wasn't, there's an

old man I know who wouldn't have much joy in life."

"Kind enough," was the equivocal rejoinder. "And if I know my bringing-up, one of that kind is enough for Mums too."

"Is Mums so very unkind, then?" asked Pensee innocently. "It hasn't been so to me."

"It isn't the fashion," he said abruptly. "But a turn of the hair might make it so. You're the school-teacher, you know."

"And I'm very much afraid you're the cynic," rejoined Pensee, laughingly, as she sprang up. "Mr. Falconer," she added seriously, laying her hand on his arm, "you mustn't speak lightly about your home or your country, as you sometimes do, I'm afraid. You should love both as you do your own life, and if necessary fight to defend the honour of both."

Peart looked down into the pale child-face, lit with its deep eyes. She was so simple, so eloquent; in purity of innocence a child, in thought a woman. All the intelligence he possessed took a thrill from her words: not the sense-rapture of the dance, but something more vital that leads a man to the heroism of character.

"Miss Vale," he said, in low, deliberate tone, "if my home and my country could speak to me as you have done, my life could have no place beside the honour of both."

With that hand on his arm, that face looking up into his, and the echo of those words in his ears, Peart Falconer seemed just then to be in another world, far above Mums and memory, of which Pensee Vale in her moral purity was the spirit.

The night seemed to slumber on the big maples, that never moved in the still air. The fiddle in the parlour sounded like a mouse playing with a rat. The kitchen windows rattled and the old parlour floor thumped so loud that the fiddler had to call off like an auctioneer. The cattle were sleeping round the stack now. The hogs, piled heads and tails two deep in the big hole by the barn door, where the cows

had chewed out the chaff, woke up now and then, drowsily squabbled and went to sleep again.

Supper was expected soon in the kitchen. Sylvia Moss was just giving the last stroke to the big table, with Rudge and Molly at her elbow. Minerva was over at Caleb Tooze's to get the old man. All the boys that were not dancing crowded in one corner of the kitchen, making hungry comments on the bill of fare and incidentally chaffing Molly, who was so absorbed in seconding Rudge's motions that she put three pumpkin-pies at one end of the table and two bowls of cider-sauce at the other.

Suddenly the door opened, and out came Rudge with Molly on his arm.

Pensee started as if cut by a whip, and sprang round the corner of the house at the back. Peart backed on to the lawn and round by the front. Neither was noticed by Rudge and Molly, who made straight for the cider barrel.

"George!" shouted Rudge, as he grabbed the dipper, "here's somebody's drink too many, I guess. Want it, Moll?"

"Well, you got a pile of eddikit, ain't you?" retorted Molly indignantly.

"Awright," said Rudge, briskly, "there's lots more," and gulped the dipper empty.

"Well, I think you might 'a' giv a fella a taste, anyhow," said Molly gingerly. "You ain't poison. I'm as dry as a fish."

"So be I. Lemme hol' the dipper, Moll. You pull the bung. I'll say when. Steady now."

Molly pulled. The cider flew; ran over on to Rudge's fine boots; splattered Molly's skirt. Rudge yelled. No use. Molly couldn't get the bung back, and Rudge had to stick his big thumb in the vent to keep the cider out of the well.

Molly tittered as she gave him the plug and took the dipper.

"Rudge—" she said, and sipped.

"Well," responded Rudge, looking at his wet boots in the window glare.

"Pretty good cider, ain't it, Moll?"

"Mh—mh!" sipping again. "Rudge—" Another sip. This time Molly choked.

Rudge began to whack her on the back. "Jiminy!" he said. "Guess you must 'a' got the stick in your throat didn't you?"

"Rudge—" gasped Molly.

"Ya—as, say it agin an' say it slow," answered Rudge.

"I think, Rudge," tittering again and threatening to choke, "you'd oughta let me say when."

A crowd of boys and girls came jostling out. Rudge and Molly got mixed up among them somewhere. The cider barrel gurgled away pretty freely after that. By the time Rudge and Molly were through scuffling it had lock-jaw. The boys had to tip it then; and when it finally refused to say another word they sent it blundering off the block and started to play tag with it on the lawn.

Up the lane under the maples came the widow Falconer. Caleb Tooze hunched over his stick at her swirling skirts.

Minerva jabbered to him like an owl. Caleb squeaked in reply as he got up on the stoop; something about its being the first time in fifteen years at that time of the night. The boys gave the cider barrel its final hoist into the currant bushes and followed in. Supper was called. The fiddle stopped scraping. Chairs began to rattle before the windows stopped. The parlour and front hall got suddenly empty; the kitchen as quickly full. All who couldn't sandwich themselves round the huge table galleried up three deep along the walls, round the stove, in the doorway, looking on. Caleb Tooze sat humped under the dish-towels next the woodbox. The widow had intended that the old man should sit at the first table. Caleb didn't care. He watched Minerva as she performed dead marches about the table finding empty cups. Molly followed with the teapot, fervently thanking all her stars at once that Rudge Moss had not taken Pensee to supper. Molly always got to the other side of the

table by passing Rudge at one end. Nine times out of ten it was the longest way round and the shortest way home. Once as she dawdled past, Rudge leaned out of the crowd and grabbed her by the arm.

"Say," he whispered, "where the doose is Pensee?"

"Molly! Two cups here. Hurry now." It was the widow's deep voice above all the din. Molly went. As she poured the tea the widow spoke into her ear. "Molly, where's Pearty an' Pensee?"

Molly could have emptied the tea-leaves on the floor. I'm not Pensee Vale's shadda," she said as she flounced round to fill the teapot again. Half way to the stove peaked Mrs. Moss, just easing a new "punkin-pie" down over somebody's head, asked her mysteriously about Pensee. Molly said, "Aw you silly!" and tossed her head. Then when she got to the stove the first thing she felt was Caleb Tooze's stick bored into her ankle. Caleb's smoked herring face peered out from under the dish-towels. "Say," he squeaked, "yuh hain't seen the school-ma'am anywheres, hev yuh?"

"Oh darn the school-ma'am!" snapped Molly as she clapped the lid on the teapot. She filled every cup she came to after that; saucer too.

VI.—BAFFLED SCHEMERS.

Not a dead leaf quivered. The glimmering quinces breathed wantonly on the tepid air, heavy, aromatic, their last smouldering incense before the frost. The house-lights flushed faintly on the low brown tops near the lawn. Down by the road it was dark.

"There's my hand, then—if you must. But 'tis neither my face nor my heart."

The voice was tremulous as if from tears. But a moment before Peart Falconer had intercepted Pensee just cutting through the quince orchard on her way to the hand-gate in the corner. He had offered to drive her home. She had refused.

It was a white hand she reached through the shadow of the odorous

quince shrubs. Peart Falconer gripped it tensely. She couldn't see the marks of passion on his face. Her own was but a gleam.

"Tell me this," he said in low, quick tones, "why did you dance with me in that woman's house?"

The almost savage abruptness of his manner startled Pensee. Her hand twitched.

"Surely—I must not make confessor of you." The words were as much fearful as indignant. Pensee was a child; apt to surrender herself to others in matters of right and wrong. The passion of this man struck her with almost the force of law, or she had never given him her hand to say good-night in the quince orchard.

"In Rome as Romans do," he went on regardless. "Among lights and a crowd a man's arm at your waist is nothing. To be seen alone with a man in the dark makes even talking a sin. Yet you have a heart. Much it cares whether a man fights the crime in his blood for the sake of it. Pensee!"

His hand tightened on hers. The subdued irony went out of his tone. He spoke her name passionately.

"Sh!" she said, trembling like a child, "don't talk so of wrong when you know the right. You read books and think, far more than I who try to teach right to children. God forgive me if they go wrong at my example."

"Pensee, Pensee,—you child! You have the passion in those eyes if you'd let them burn. But you prate about children, and books and schools, when all the woman in you goes starving. For heaven's sake don't be a prude!"

"Now you're scolding me," she said with a tremor, "all because I'm a weak girl that can't say wise things about woman in my own defence, and eloquent things about my country and all that. Oh dear! but I can love the children and in my humble way try to help them. I must not, will not give so much as a shadow of my life to any other. Mr. Falconer, let me say good-night."

"Then my life is nothing to you!" he said as he dropped her hand.

"Not more than my own," she answered quickly. "Myself is my sacred privilege. You have no right to meddle with it."

"And that self will kill you," he said passionately. "For so sure as you refuse to love, being a woman you are a cheat. You can see a man struggle and go down before your very eyes when the light of them and nothing else would save him. Pensee Vale, I choose to love the woman for whose sake I dare to do right. Dare you refuse?"

Doggedly he spoke and folded his arms. Pensee shrank away into the shadow of the quince shrubs.

"Dare the right for the sake of itself: so shall you win the respect of every true woman. Mr. Falconer, good-night."

It was like the sudden shiver of a breeze in the dead leaves. Softly the swish of her skirts over the long dry grass fainted among the shrubs. The gate clicked. Her white face gleamed a moment through the branches. She passed out.

Down by Caleb Tooze's bridge Pensee paused. There was a low, swift rumble in the rear, the clatter of galloping hoofs and the rattle of wheels. It was Peart Falconer driving his iron-grays. Pensee listened till she could hear nothing but a faint clippering far back on the Canada Company side-road somewhere; then with a little sob she hurried on.

mile upon mile Peart Falconer urged his iron-grays that autumn night. He let them choose the road; they took the stump concession as often as the smooth turnpike. It mattered not to him.

At last they got on to the side-road that led out past the drab school and white church. As they turned the jog at Mosses', Rudge's huge shadow was just taking off its collar and tie on the blind at the end of the log house upstairs.

But there was no light west from Caleb Tooze's shanty back at the slashing. Peart stopped his horses when he came to the bridge. For the first

time in years the old bachelor miser was out of his cabin for the night. Minerva Falconer had done it. For what a purpose Peart Falconer well knew as he waited at that bridge behind his steaming grays and let his right hand tighten on its line. Not robbery! Minerva Falconer would as soon have lost both her children. Merely to satisfy her curiosity—over the will! That must be either on Caleb Tooze's person or in the hut. If the latter it would take more beguilement than a fat supper to induce him to leave it. If the former it should not be hard to get at it with Caleb asleep in the attic over the kitchen.

After the dancers were gone that night the widow Falconer sat by her kitchen stove and waited. Caleb was asleep. She knew that, for she had peremptorily called "Caleb!" twice right at his bed an hour after she put him away, and once asked if he had quilts enough. But when she groped on the floor to find his clothes she could feel nothing but his coat, vest and boots. Caleb had kept his trousers on.

Indeed the probabilities are had Caleb been given his choice that night between losing his trousers or his skin he would have kept the trousers. A man values most what gets nearest to his ego. Caleb's earthly ego was getting threadbare. He knew that when he decided thenceforth and forevermore to keep those trousers of his next to it.

Still the widow waited, and still Peart came not. She got weary at length and went outside to listen. The shrill cold whinny of an owl sounded over by Caleb Tooze's shanty. That was all.

It was that owl Peart Falconer heard as though the night-cursing thing had perched right in his brain, when with cold fear in every nerve he bolted out of Caleb's shanty window. Peart had entered that window bent upon burglary. The criminal desire had rushed into him like a whirlwind that night the moment he left the quince orchard. It was balked again.

Whip! went the lash across the rumps of the iron-grays. They snort-

ed and leaped. The hoofs wolloped on the lane; the wheels rattled; br-r-oom! across the bridge; up the road, under the maples and stopped at the stable door.

Peart sprang out and literally tore the animals away from the rig. Panting like dogs they plunged into the stalls.

"Pearty!" It was the widow's voice right at the stable door.

Peart turned and faced her. With a thrill of self-recovery he folded his arms and, for a moment, would not speak. He had shown his passion to one woman that night. He would hide it from this one.

"Mother," he said with mocking emphasis, "it takes an old man to fool a knave. We shall never catch him. But," setting his teeth, "if I could get the fingers you taught knavery to on that money, they should tear it to bits so small not even your eyes could tell them. Ha! ha!"

The owl caught up the rest. Right over the barn somewhere its cold, hideous whinny cursed the night. The widow heard it and sprang to the stable-door.

It was already barred inside. She could hear Peart unharnessing the horses. It was getting colder.

VII.—ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

Minerva Falconer slept not a wink that night. She was up next morning at dawn. So was Peart; and out drawing corn when Caleb Tooze came downstairs to breakfast.

Minerva said nothing to the old man, as she helped Molly wash the clutter of dirty dishes left by the bee and the dance; didn't even notice him as he took his hat and cane and wandered out. He was in his shanty building a fire before the dishes were done. The rising wind beat the smoke down over the slashing.

Minerva said not a word at dinner. Neither did Peart, who went out draw-

ing corn again before he fed his horses oats. Neither did Molly.

In the afternoon it started to spit snow past the window. Minerva took a shawl and went out. She might have got on with Peart to ride as he was just driving out of the lane again and down the road for another load of corn. But she preferred to walk. Perhaps, if she had carried a basket as she usually did when she visited Caleb Tooze, it had been different. But she carried nothing that afternoon as she entered the lane and went back to the shanty, except the shawl over her head and the look of Roman resolution on her face.

She entered without knock. Caleb sat hunched over his knees and hands by the stove, looking as though he hadn't been away for a year. He squirmed a little and the chair squeaked as Minerva entered and, without removing the shawl from her head, stood by the table eyeing him with mournful severity. The unconscionable little knot!

It was no use to say anything. Caleb, doubtless, had a pain in his head. But if she began to talk she would have need of the tower of Babel before she finished.

The fire was low. Minerva opened the front door of the stove. A gust of wind blew down the pipe and puffed the ashes out white. Caleb moved a little, but said nothing. She opened the door. A dead leaf hopped on the step and slid across to the old man's feet. He merely changed legs, pulled up his collar and shivered. The dying coals clinked in the stove. The quilt on the bed waved its edge in the wind. The widow pulled down the blinds. The shanty got dark in the corners. Standing over the old man in the dull light from the door Minerva bent her head.

"Caleb," she said in a deep voice, "come!"

And the old man rose and followed her out of the shanty.

(To be continued.)

ON SHOTOVER HILL.

MUFFLED and dark and warm the evening dwells
 On hill and woodland, grey with autumn rain,
 And through the dusk the far-off Oxford bells
 Move in their slumber, wake, and sleep again.
 And gleam by golden gleam, o'er Cumner's crest
 The daylight fades, but still, ah, still I see
 Poor Thyrsis' lonely elm—tho' long at rest
 Our Thyrsis and his troubled heart must be.

But listen, where sweet rings the twilight note
 Of some late wood-bird on the hillside green,
 Where through the lonely song there seems to float
 The pathos of the summer that has been.
 Ah, listen still! 'Tis but a vesper bird,
 Yet how it wakes a thousand old desires.
 Perhaps it is the note that Shelley heard
 When, years ago, he watched these Oxford spires ;

When years ago, from these same uplands grey,
 He saw the Oxford lights across the rain,
 In dark autumnal evenings dreamed away
 To seek the solace of a woodland strain ;
 And here in other days, too, Thyrsis went
 Happy with him who smote a youthful lyre,
 Yet felt too well the old, old discontent,
 The earthly reach, the infinite desire.

Their voices took a troubled sound and they
 Too early learned the plaintive autumn touch .
 Your mournful bells from out the valley grey
 Re-call to-night their music over-much.
 I hear their twilight tingling swell and die
 Along the dusk, and all the distant chime
 Seems one old, old reiterated cry,
 Blown strangely in across grey gulfs of time

For I, sweet city where regretful falls
 Time's iron hand on ivied tower and spire,
 I know how thrills beneath thy crumbling walls
 In thine unageing heart the old desire
 To lead us from the twilight to the dawn ;
 I catch the subtle hope, the silent word :
*For clear down Oxford hill and college lawn
 There rings the song of one remembering bird.*

OXFORD, ENGLAND, 1898.

Arthur J. Stringer.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

NOW that the Canadian Government has decided to assume five-eighths of the cost of an all-British Pacific Cable, and the British Columbia Government two-eighths, the details of the scheme may be considered.

In 1896, an Imperial Committee investigated the proposal to lay a cable from British Columbia on the west coast of Canada to some point in the Australasian colonies. The Earl of Selborne was chairman of this Committee; while Lord Strathcona and the Hon. A. G. Jones represented Canada. Their report was completed about the first of the year 1897, but was not published by the Imperial Government until recently.

Practicability.—The Committee believed the project to be practicable, but suggested a preliminary survey. They stated, however, that the information to hand was quite sufficient to justify the making of the cable contemporaneously with the survey. A recent despatch from Victoria, B.C., (May 11th) says that the British survey ship *Egena* has been instructed to prepare to survey the proposed route. This looks as if the Imperial Government was willing to, at least, bear the expense of a survey. Whether it is willing to assist in arrangements looking to the manufacture of a cable in the meantime remains to be seen.

Route.—The Committee recommended that the route should be from Vancouver via Fanning or Palyrma Island, Fiji and Norfolk Island, with branches from the latter to Queensland and New Zealand. Laid in this way, the cable would be all-British, and thus meet the expressed wishes of the Canadian and Australasian Governments.

Length.—The length of cable would be 7,986 miles. The connections would be via the Commercial Cable Company to Canso, Nova Scotia, and then across the continent by the Canadian Pacific telegraph. This would mean consider-

able business for these two companies, and the Committee seemed to be of the opinion that some arrangement should be made with them. It would seem quite reasonable that the Governments concerned should demand from these two companies either a special rate on all business given to them, or a percentage of the receipts on all business originating from the laying of the cable. This is a point to which, undoubtedly, the Canadian Government will give its serious consideration before an agreement is finally approved.

Cost.—The size and weight of the cable depends upon the speed required for transmission. The Committee concluded that a core of 552 pounds of copper and 368 pounds of gutta percha to the nautical mile might be expected to give 40 paying letters per minute. This would be a capacity of 1,620,000 words a year of three hundred days of eighteen hours each. One company offered to lay a cable of this class for £1,517,000, this sum including the erection at each station of a suitable dwelling house and operating room with duplicate sets of all proper instruments; also the use of two cable-repairing ships, with the cost of maintaining them as well as the cables themselves for three years. The working expenses would be £22,000 a year, while replacing and repair vessels would bring this up to £92,000 a year. Estimating the capital at £1,500,000 and the replacement period of this capital at fifty-years, the following table shows the total cost per year:

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| | Interest at 2½ p.c. |
| Interest | £ 41,250 |
| Sinking Fund | 14,311 |
| Working Expenses | 22,000 |
| Maintenance | 70,000 |
| Total | £147,561 |

It will thus be seen that the total cost per year would be about \$700,000. If the South Australian Government and the Eastern Extension Telegraph Com-

pany should require to be paid for loss of trade, the cost would be correspondingly increased.

Revenue.—The Committee estimated the revenue would be 750,000 words for the first year, and ten per cent. increase each subsequent year. At two shillings a word, this would net £75,000 the first year; £82,500 the second year; and £90,750 the third year. It would require a rate of about three shillings per word to equalize revenue and cost.

Ownership.—The Committee was of the opinion that the cable should be owned and worked by the Governments interested. In this decision the Committee expressed its disapproval of the subsidy arrangement, thus reading a

lesson to such Governments as ours which seem to have bound themselves up with the subsidy principle for all public undertakings.

Management.—The Committee favoured the general direction of the cable being in the hands of a manager in London. Just why Lord Selborne and his associates desired to have the management in London instead of in British Columbia or in Queensland is difficult to imagine. The general director should be at one end of the cable, or close to one end of it, not 6,000 miles away from the nearest end. If it is desired to have the management in a governmental city, why not choose Ottawa? Canada's contribution to the project is greater than Great Britain's.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

ON more than one occasion Lord Salisbury has declared, with gentle satire, that the worst enemies a Foreign Minister has to face are the necessity of making speeches, and the premature publicity given to the negotiations. In spite of these trying obstacles the British Foreign Minister has been able to spring a surprise upon an eager critical generation of newspaper readers by his agreement with Russia. It may only be a truce, since each country has a profound distrust of the other, but for the present at least, it appears, the danger of a war with Russia over the Chinese question is removed. England is to have her sphere of influence in China, and Russia's clutch upon the north is to tighten into a permanent hold. Ever since the Crimean war Russia has had, not unjustly, a suspicion of English diplomacy, while by far the most potent elements in English politics are possessed of the idea that Russia is a dangerous friend and a still more dangerous enemy. But Russia needs British cap-

ital and the British market, while England is always ready for peace—on her own terms—with anyone.



The Peace Conference at the Hague may now meet without fear that a war will break out during its deliberations. It will be composed of able men, but the general opinion is that their discussions can be little more than academic. There are some things which cannot be carried out, and a disarmament policy is one of them. The position of England is peculiar; she of all countries would suffer most from war and at the same time can best bear the burden imposed by the cost of armies and fleets. The navy is the real source of her strength, but since it is essential to preserve a world-wide empire, its withdrawal is an impossibility. In the abstract, no doubt, the English delegates to the Conference will talk peace until their eyelids can no longer wag, but when it comes to breaking up these magnificent fleets which are at once the

pride and safety of the Empire, the Government that would propose such a policy would soon be on its last legs. But Russia, France, Italy and Austria are borne down by taxation for war purposes and it is quite reasonable that those countries should discuss the pros and cons of disarmament.

In France the wearisome Dreyfus case still drags on and the fate of Ministries and the honour of the army hang upon the issue. If one knew the real mood of Paris at this time one could predict with tolerable certainty the immediate future of the country. Abandoned by Russia in the attempt to bait England, the French Government has been obliged to drop its hectoring tone and to settle its African difficulties on a basis that appears to be a fair compromise. The French may be asking themselves the real value of an alliance which failed them just when it was most needed. The commercial interests that centre round the Paris Exposition are probably shaping policy to some extent and preparations go on for that interesting and money-yielding event.

Doubt is thrown upon the cablegrams from South Africa which are said to be doctored to suit one side or the other. The trouble with the Transvaal continues a festering sore, and at no time since its occurrence is the criminal folly of the Jameson Raid more clearly recognized. Mr. Rhodes is unquestionably a man of great force and ability, but, right or wrongly, the view prevails that his policy is not a purely patriotic one but is dictated to an appreciable extent by the interests of selfish capitalists of whom he himself is a central figure. The abilities of Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor at the Cape, are now being brought into play and bereft of German assistance it remains to be seen how long the stubborn mediævalism of President Kruger can hold out. The Uitlanders have a substantial grievance in the deprivation of political rights, but behind this loom

the interests of investors whose cries are quite as loud and quite as effective in our time as those of downtrodden civilians who want votes and schools and the precious privilege of open agitation so dear to democratic hearts.

Mr. Rhodes has spoken so highly of the prospects of finding gold in Rhodesia that a rush to that region is regarded as probable. When Mr. Selous, the noted hunter of big game, spoke on the prospects of Rhodesia, in his address at Toronto two years ago, he was interpreted as damning the region with faint praise. In London there is a fear that too great expectations may be formed of Rhodesia. But the English find South Africa a fascinating field for investment and must be left to acquire their own experience.

In Great Britain, Parliament is much occupied with the passage of the London Bill, a municipal question, it is true, but one of vast import, affecting the greatest city in the world. No Englishman dreams of grudging the time spent upon rearranging the local government of those communities which are huddled together in so unwieldy a mass that one elective body cannot possibly attend to their affairs. Mr. Balfour, with his usual insight and urbanity, is aiding the passage of the bill, the principle of which is generally accepted, in spite of great controversy over the details. The agitation against ritualism continues with unabated force and the ultimate end of the fight is very difficult to foresee. It is a lay movement of unusual persistency, and the prelates and the Government are visibly embarrassed. As time goes on it may furnish a battle-cry to the Opposition, since extension of the franchise, reform of the House of Lords, and disestablishment, are almost the last steps which militant Radicalism has to take toward the setting up of a real democracy. In Scotland two of the Presbyterian Churches, the Free Kirk and the U. P. Church are taking

cautious and wary steps toward corporate union, in order to line up for a purely secular attack on the old Church of Scotland, whose position in the State is exceptional, since its privileges as an establishment are not injurious to its neighbours, while it continues to have a strong hold upon the sentiment and the pride of many Scotsmen. The Church and the judicial system are the last official vestiges of the old Scottish nationality.

To judge the new Irish County Government Act by a single election, is hardly logical. The landlord influence was undoubtedly overturned, although individual landlords have been generously treated by the voters. It would appear as if the gentry as a class must now win the confidence of the people and assert the claims that may fairly be theirs as leaders of the nation. The problems of Ireland are peculiar to itself, but true statesmanship never yet confessed failure in any given political condition, and the working of the new municipal bodies may be made smooth and easy, provided the right spirit is shown. To divide the community on the lines of creed, or on the clashing of landlord and tenant, can only mean, in Ulster and elsewhere, the permanent ostracism of the landowners from any potent share in the local administration.

There is great unrest in the English Liberal party. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership is apparently a makeshift which cannot persist in the face of much apathy among the rank and file and a determined call for a more authoritative voice. Lord Rosebery's popularity is a factor that cannot be ignored, while Sir William Harcourt, clever as he is, has no real hold on the country and is quite unable to marshal the hosts of Radicalism. It is declared that Imperialism is the dividing line in the Liberal party. What is Imperialism? When it consists, as the Imperialism of Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery does, of a desire to preserve peace with foreign

nations no party cares to divorce itself from such a policy. The general election is still three years off, and there is time for reconstruction in the Liberal ranks. To the onlooker it appears as if Lord Rosebery would ultimately be summoned back to the leadership at a time when a clear-cut policy can be proclaimed. Just now there is no great issue on which to force the fighting. An Opposition without a case is in sorry plight.

The United States, having gone into the business of empire-building, finds the initial proceedings onerous and expensive. The acquirement of Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines will discipline the politicians who have for several generations been able, without much fear of results, to shock and startle the diplomacy of Europe. The Republic has given hostages to fortune. This is a welcome feature of the war with Spain. A vast and turbulent democracy, ill disciplined to law, loosely knit for every purpose except that of commerce, singularly safe from all foreign menace, self-sustaining and rich, might be a dangerous force among modern states. There must now be a certain amount of give and take, instead of an ambitious desire to take and no give. In spite of the sneers and the fears aroused by the new Imperialism, there is no evidence that President McKinley has lost his political authority, or that his chances for a second term at the White House are endangered. He will doubtless be renominated without opposition by his party next year, and unless some new complication arises, he will be re-elected.

It is claimed that the atrocities committed in the South upon negro criminals concern a very small percentage of the whole population. It is further contended that 90 per cent. of the negroes are law-abiding and innocent of all blame. Both statements may be true. But the fact that the entire white population either openly or

silently acquiesces in the outrages, while the state governments exhibit a complete paralysis of authority, is not a reassuring sign. The exercise of all administrative functions in many Southern States is vested practically in the whites. If they cannot command the confidence of their own people in inflicting punishment for crime, and a section of these very whites take the law into their own hands, the condition is not far removed from anarchy. The educated negroes themselves admit that summary punishment and cruel atrocities have no deterrent effect whatever upon the criminals of their race. A continuance of the outrages, while the cause for them exists, may be looked for, and one cannot see the end of this painful war of races.

A semi-official denial meets the report that the International Commission between Canada and the United States is a failure. One has to be careful in the use of terms in describing the position of affairs. Where neither side is desperately anxious for a treaty, the word failure is perhaps inappropriate. Two men meet to discuss disputed points and part without reaching a conclusion. This is not exactly a failure, but a polite agreement to disagree. There is such a thing as treating an international court of arbitration with levity. On the other hand, there is always a danger of taking matters too seriously. The United States have far more weighty questions to consider than border disputes with Canada. The Dominion is by no means bent upon a treaty with the States at any price. We must do the best we can to avoid angry feeling and time may settle the principal disputes without loss of temper on either side. Mr. Charlton, M.P., has already, in this magazine*, caused a great deal of discussion by his statement of the grievance sus-

tained by Michigan lumbermen owing to the Ontario legislation. That legislation was in accordance with public sentiment and no serious attempt to challenge its constitutionality has yet been made. Perhaps its weakest point is that it was passed by a Government which had for many years opposed the passage of any such measure. But consistency in politicians evokes no gratitude from the electors in any country and the Ontario Ministers submitted to the inevitable as gracefully as could have been expected.

When the United States Government refused to release McLeod many years ago on the ground that he was in the custody of New York State, and Lord Palmerston, with deadly civility, remarked that he could not declare war against the State of New York, it was felt that the independent powers of states would never be recognized by any foreign country strong enough to resent evasion of duty by the federal authority. In Canada, by the nature of the constitution of 1867, the provincial powers were weaker than those claimed by individual States in the Union. Agitations and many decisions by the highest courts have, during twenty years, tended to strengthen provincial rights. Disallowance of provincial laws has become a rare and, politically, a dangerous proceeding. The enactments of British Columbia in regard to Japanese immigration, and the mining rights enjoyed by foreigners, point to some conflict between federal and provincial authorities. A vigorously governed province may cause international complications. We are not as free as we thought we were of the danger arising from a conflict of interest and policy between the Dominion and some part of it. The outcome, both politically and constitutionally, offers some interesting speculations.

*CANADIAN MAGAZINE for May.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE article in this number by the late Senator Boulton has an interest apart from the matter contained therein. It was penned by the late honourable gentleman just before his departure from Ottawa to Manitoba where his sudden death occurred, and it will therefore go on record as his last public utterance. There is no doubt also that in it may be found those ideas which were nearest his heart during his parliamentary career.

The story by Gilbert Parker which occupies the place of honour in this issue is published simultaneously with *The Atlantic Monthly* and Lady Churchill's new quarterly. It deals with life in Egypt, where Mr. Parker spent the greater part of the past twelve months.

The country is prosperous. Those years of distrust, commonly called "hard times," have passed once more like the summer thunderstorm. The Minister of Finance and his colleagues, assisted by some very clever journalists, are endeavouring to prove that this prosperity, this passing of the thunderclouds, is due to the Liberal Government. The ex-Minister of Finance, his very wordy leader, and other members of the Opposition are endeavouring to prove that the prosperity now being enjoyed is no more due to Liberal rule than to Conservative rule; that, in fact, the Conservative policy sowed the wind which drove away the clouds. Both groups of gentlemen are wrong. The prosperity of this country, the expansion of trade, the developing confidence of the people are due more to the fact that Canadians have come to realize

that Canada's hope lies in her people, not in her politicians.

During this half century, the politicians have performed but three notable deeds. They brought about confederation, a most wonderful accomplishment; they built railways from Halifax to Vancouver, a wonderful accomplishment; and they looked nice at the Jubilee in 1897, an accomplishment.

What else have they done, that a dozen permanent heads of departments could not have done with one quarter the expense? Aye, and have done better. They would not have bonused duplicate railways over half the country; they would not have built canals that are never used; they would not have dredged harbours where there was no likelihood of steam vessels entering; they would not have built post-offices, armouries and other public buildings at double prices and where they were unnecessary; they would have prevented a clash over the Manitoba schools; they would have settled our untenanted fertile lands with double the speed; and they would have made the administrative and civil service a place for men of intelligence and force, instead of, as it is at present, a refuge for windy and unscrupulous politicians—with a sprinkling of poets.

The country needs a new transportation policy and a new Northwest settlement policy and no one seems anxious to provide either. The Government upholds the discredited policy of railway and shipping bonuses and the inadequate policy of assisted European immigration. The former policy plays into the hands of selfish capitalists and the latter allows the young

Canadian to cross the line into the United States without a friendly word to bid him halt and think.

The British colony of Queensland was once asked to make a land grant without cash to two proposed railway companies and to its credit be it said it refused. The Australasian colonies, including New Zealand, have spent £131,000,000 on railways, but they own every mile on which this money was spent. In 1897, the profit from these lines was 3.16 per cent. on the total investment. The prospect is that in a year or two the profit will be more than the interest on this sum. In Canada we have spent \$250,000,000 without the slightest chance of getting back one million. The only legislator in Canada bold enough to call a halt in this bonus system is Premier Marchand of Quebec. He has, I understand, decided that no more provincial railway bonuses shall be granted at present. It is to be hoped that he will make his policy permanent so far as his province is concerned. Some members of the Dominion Parliament in the present and previous sessions have protested, but the majority foolishly accept the bonus policy as a necessity.

If new railways must be built, and the Federal or the Provincial Governments feel that they should be aided, they may either take stock in the road, lend money for a term of years on a mortgage, or guarantee the bonds for a term of years. These actions could be defended in certain cases; bonuses are wholly unsound.

As to the settlement of the Northwest, the efforts of the Dominion Government should not be confined alone to assisted immigration from Europe. The surplus population of Eastern Canada should be coaxed to the vacant lands of the west. South Australia, Victoria, Western Australia and New Zealand lend money to settlers at low rates of interest. Some plan could be arranged to make loans to young men

from the east, who take up and improve lands in Manitoba and the Territories. Since Confederation, about eight millions of dollars have been expended on foreign immigrants. This sum alone would have been sufficient to give 25,000 families of settlers, one hundred dollars a year for three years; or it would have paid the interest on over \$6,000,000 for thirty years at four per cent. That six million dollars would have furnished a free loan of five hundred dollars for five years for 72,000 families. If the Government were to offer any young man from Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia who would go west, take up and improve a farm of 160 acres, a loan of \$500 for five years, without interest, there would be many who would take advantage of it. Or better still, if the Government would offer every such young farmer a grant of \$50 a year for five years for certain improvements on his new farm, the trains would hardly carry all who wished to take advantage of such a favourable situation.

But the Government apparently does not care about the surplus population of the east. It prefers Doukhobors, Galicians, Hungarians and Icelanders.

I do not wish to belittle the work done by the Immigration Department. The Hon. Clifford Sifton has put new life into that, and has done much to increase the number of European and United States emigrants. He has kept his agents active. The printed material which he has sent out is attractive and sensible.*

But the Government should supplement this work by some such offer to young Canadians as has been suggested above. The cities will grow and railways will be built with very little Government assistance. What has been done for the cities, the harbours, the canals and the railways in the past was necessary in many cases. But for the future, we must get the people on the land.

*This material, the Superintendent of Immigration informs me, is distributed only in Europe and the United States, not in Canada.

Nearly a million young Canadians have gone to the United States during the last forty years. Probably half of these could have been induced to settle on the lands of Northern Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia, if the Government had paid their transport thither, or had assisted them by loaning them capital. They have offered each settler 160 acres of land at a cost of about \$20. They have found that offer was insufficient, yet they have never increased it. In the case of foreign immigrants, the Government spends some money on them and allows them to bring in their household effects, implements, and a certain number of horses, cattle, sheep and swine without paying the usual 20 per cent. duty on these animals. But no corresponding advantage is offered to settlers from Nova Scotia, Ontario and Quebec. Supposing a settler from Dakota desires to cross the line into Manitoba, and has \$600 worth of effects and cattle, the Government relinquishes \$120 of revenue. Why not give a settler from the Eastern Provinces free transportation, or some equal advantage?

In the Senate on April 26 there was a discussion of this subject, led by Senator Perley, a former resident of the Maritime Provinces, but now of the Northwest. Speaking of the new immigrants the honourable gentleman said:—

"Many of them are an undesirable class of people. The Galicians cost the country a considerable sum to get them here and to keep them after they came. They have a very degraded idea of humanity and Christianity. They are a class of people who believe that a man may kill his wife if she does not happen to suit him, and two of these men are now under sentence of death for murder in Manitoba. . . . That is a very undesirable class of people to bring into the Northwest, while we are allowing the young men of our country to go to the United States. I understand that the Doukhobors are not a very desirable class either. I had a conversation on my way down here with His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, and . . . he said that these were a very undesirable class—people that he did not think it advisable to bring into this country. . . . I therefore think, under the

circumstances, that the Government ought to take steps to divert the exodus from the Maritime Provinces, which is now flowing to the United States, to our own Northwest, which is one of the finest countries for young men, particularly young Canadians, to settle in. The Government should take some steps to advertise the Northwest more largely in the Maritime Provinces. I know that it is not the policy of the Government to encourage people to leave one part of Canada to settle in another, but they would be justified in taking such means as might be necessary to influence young men, by giving them cheaper railroad rates, or even free transportation, or making some advances to them, to enable them to go to the Northwest Territories instead of to the United States. . . . They would be doing a good work, and would make more money for the country apart from keeping a valuable population in our country."

This, it appears to me, is a very sane presentation of the subject, and is in marked contrast with the extreme views of the subject presented by the party journalists. The Hon. Mr. Boulton added that the junior member from Halifax informed him that, in coming up from that city, there were on the same train with him one hundred and twenty people going to the United States. The Hon. Mr. Mills, leader of the Senate, defended the Government's policy with regard to European immigration, and defended the statement in the speech from the throne that the exodus had almost ceased. His arguments were not quite conclusive, although every person will admit that the exodus was never smaller than at present. He predicted that in a few years the objectionable Europeans would be enthusiastic, loyal and prosperous Canadians, and quoted in support of his statement the experience of the United States.

Admitting that these Europeans can be made into respectable citizens, that they are settling in districts which ordinary citizens would not care to occupy, and that the exodus of young Canadians is decreasing, much remains to be done. We cannot afford to lose a single citizen. If a slight change in the Government's policy would induce the surplus population of the east to go to the west the change would be

justified. The natural increase of our people in the east will always supply a certain number of wanderers. The establishment of bureaus of information here and there throughout the older provinces, the dissemination of what is commonly known as "immigration literature," and the offer of free transportation, or temporary loans, would induce many young men to settle upon the vacant lands of the west, who otherwise will drift into the overcrowded professions or across the boundary line.

The east needs more population also, but the east must wait until the wanderers cease from wandering. In the meantime the wanderers should be looked after and told that if they must migrate that the Northwest should be their destination.

Perhaps it would be as well to close the universities and medical colleges of the east for a few years in order that we may get more brainy farmers for both the east and the west. This would be an immense benefit to the whole country. Our high schools and our universities, as they are run at present, are detrimental to the best interests of agriculture and commerce. Let us give the professors a five-year vacation and by that time we will have better farmers and better business men.

Mrs. Fitzgibbon, a step-daughter of the late D'Alton McCarthy, has made a valuable suggestion in the *London Times*. She proposes that the "surplus" British women of the better classes be trained in dairying and agriculture at an institution established by the Canadian Government for that purpose. The *Times* says that there are a million and a quarter "surplus" women in England, and believes that much can be said in favour of a scheme to train some of these and establish them in the Northwest.

Let them come by all means, and let

them be trained as farmers or as farmers' wives—whichever they may choose. But why not have a similar scheme for training the "surplus" men of England? We want agriculturists, not mere labourers—men with intelligence and knowledge; and we need trained men just as much as we need trained women.

The most striking feature of recent developments of governmental policy is the announcement of the Minister of Finance that the expenditure during the coming year will be increased, and will probably be about fifty millions. This is not the kind of policy that was expected of a Government which when it was in Opposition declared that an expenditure of forty millions was rank extravagance. The party must have been wrong then, or it is wrong now. I incline to the opinion that it was wrong when it was in Opposition, and that the proposed increase in expenditure has some justification. Still it cannot be fully justified, and some of the Opposition criticism is well founded.

Yet Canada is wonderfully conservative as compared with the Australasian Colonies. Including New Zealand, their total population is 4,500,000, fully a million less than that of Canada. Their governmental revenue is \$150,000,000, as compared with our \$40,000,000; even if we added to our federal revenues that of all the provinces it would not total over \$50,000,000. The public debt of all these Australasian Colonies is slightly over a billion of dollars, or nearly four times our net federal public debt, and more than three times that of the Dominion and Provinces combined. The total gross debt of the Dominion and the Provinces is just about four hundred millions; and the assets are about one hundred millions. Australia has \$65,000,000 in the savings banks; Canada has about the same amount. In addition, we have deposits in the chartered banks to the extent of over two hundred millions.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CANADA'S DEVELOPMENT.

THE development of our country is well chronicled and admirably gauged by the various writers in the fifth volume of "Canadian Encyclopædia."* It is divided into seven sections, an enumeration of which may be permissible:—

1. Agricultural Resources and Development.
2. Literature and Journalism.
3. Our Chief Cities.
4. Financial History, Loan Companies and Insurance.
5. Natural History.
6. Constitutional History and Development.
7. Industrial Development, Forests and Fisheries.

There is the same overlapping in the articles, the same incoherency in the arrangement of the minor parts, and the same carelessness of details as in the previous volumes. As an example of the overlapping we find in Section II. the three following papers: "Historical Sketch of Canadian Journalism," "Character and Position of the Canadian Press," and "A Review of Canadian Journalism." These three papers could have been cut down to two with a great saving of words and time. As an example of incoherency: Sir Charles Tupper writes of the origin of Confederation, and Senator Macdonald of the Confederation movement in Prince Edward Island, but there is no mention of the Confederation movement in the other provinces. As to carelessness of details, one example must suffice: On the first page of the volume under review appears the expression "couriers de bois," while in

Vol. I., p. 50, it reads "coureurs-du-bois." Both of these are, to say the least, unusual.

But aside from these minor points, the volume is very creditable indeed, and the various writers who have contributed are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their work. Each article evidences a special knowledge on the part of its author, and through all run the patriotic fervour and the buoyant spirit which are at present so profoundly stirring all parts of our country. There is a joyfulness over what we have done, and a hopefulness over what we are doing, which assure for Canada a future standing of no mean excellence amongst the nations of the world. It strikes me that, however imperfect Mr. Hopkins' volumes may be from one point of view, he has done a grand work in presenting Canada as an entity to Canadians who may not previously have recognized her as such. As Sir Alexander Lacoste says in his introduction to this volume: "May it serve the double purpose of increasing the respect for Canada abroad and cementing the spirit of union and harmony amongst us at home."

There is no mention of this being the last volume of the Encyclopædia, and there is a rumour that the sixth is under way. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hopkins is not trying to make this work like unto Tennyson's brook.

NEW FICTION.

It may safely be said that the book of the month in Canada has been "David Harum." It has been cunningly advertised and well placed before the public. I am not surprised at its popularity—I suppose I wouldn't

* Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

be expected to confess the fact, if I were—because the book has a homely humour which is irresistible, and because we take a delight in listening to a man who knocks down orthodoxy and conventionality. When David bested the Deacon in a horse trade, the whole continent laughs, because it knows the weaknesses of deacons and such. When he buys a horse from the professing Christian on a Sunday, people chuckle because they know the degree of genuineness of the average modern Christian. David says some very old things in a new, bright way. But to class "David Harum" as a literary production of first rank is to strain the imagination. As a novel, it is poor in plot, uneven and jolty in treatment. As a character, David is a creation—and that is all that can justly be said in praise of Mr. Westcott's book.



"A Double Thread,"* by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, the author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," is a splendid book. The dialogue is clever; and the plot, while not entirely new, is cleverly handled. The author is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, late Secretary of State for India. Her previous book was quite popular because of her treatment of the nonconformist religionists of England, and because of its spirited style. This story is just as spirited in the telling and less controversial in its handling of religious themes. Captain Le Mesurier falls in love with a modest governess named Ethel Harland, who by the vagary of a deceased grandfather is kept poor while her twin sister revels in luxury. The captain knows the rich sister also, and tries to effect a closer friendship between the two sisters. The rich girl refuses to see or assist her unfortunate sister with whom the captain is in love. The rich sister in the meantime endeavours to win his regard, and in her efforts is ably assisted by the captain's bachelor uncle who promises him a large estate if he

will marry the rich instead of the poor sister. But the captain being a simple-minded but whole-souled chap is faithful. Suddenly comes the discovery that the two sisters are one, that Elfrida Harland the heiress has been masquerading as the poor sister to test her lover's faithfulness. Alas, the discovery disenchants the lover and he refuses to marry the heiress who has thus toyed with his affections; and who can blame him? It is unwise to test love and friendship unnecessarily.

These were their last words together—for a long time:

"But, Jack dear, I love you so."

"You love me, and yet you made a fool of me! No, Miss Harland, I cannot believe in such love as that."

"I only did it to make sure of you. Can't you understand how sick I was of shadows, and how I wanted to find one true heart?"

"And so, having found it, you broke it to see if it was breakable. Well, it was."

"Then must everything be at an end between us?" Elfrida pleaded; "surely, surely you cannot mean that!"

"But I do mean it. Don't you see that now you have once deceived me I can never trust you again? And love without trust is impossible."

This dialogue explains the point on which the story turns, but it is not an example of Miss Fowler's best style. She is seldom sorrowful or dramatic; she is rather of a humorous turn with a lively appreciation of the best that is in life. Many of her remarks and reflections are worth remembering:

"As long as people are civil to me to my face, I don't care what they say behind my back; our faces are our own but our backs are our neighbours'."

"Englishwomen hide their feelings as carefully as they hide their garters."

"Spoiling a pretty quarrel is on a par, to my mind, with shooting a fox."

"The intelligent woman combines the respectable dulness of a Church Congress, with the mental fatigue of a mathematical tripos, and yet never loses the lynx-eyed exactingness of the unattractive woman."

*Toronto: William Briggs.

Another strong novel is Conan Doyle's latest production entitled "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus."* The one point at which it is vulnerable is where he introduces a scarlet woman in order, apparently, to make a contrast between her and the young wife of Francis Crosse. Surely it is possible to show the excellence of virtue without comparing it with vice, and to picture the sweetness and pure-mindedness of an innocent wife without comparing her with a fallen and profligate person of the same sex! It is reported that a firm of publishers in New York refused the book because of this superfluous character. Mr. Doyle was asked to remove her but declined. If this be true, the publishers of New York have amongst them the one or two righteous men who may save Sodom. This woman is but a minor feature, however, in a rather sweet tale of courtship and early marital bliss. The arrival of the important person who makes the duet a trio is cleverly handled, with that mingling of humour and pathos of which only the greater novelists and orators are masters. The description of this arrival ends thus:

"So Frank went down into the darkening room below, and mechanically lighting his pipe, he sat with his elbows on his knees and stared out into the gathering gloom where one bright evening star twinkled in a violet sky. The gentle hush of the gloaming was around him, and some late bird was calling outside amongst the laurels. Above he heard the shuffling of feet, the murmur of voices, and then amid it all those thin glutinous cries, *his* voice, the voice of this new man with all a man's possibilities for good and for evil, who had taken up his dwelling with them, and as he listened to those cries, a gentle sadness was mixed with his joy, for he felt that things were now forever changed—that whatever sweet harmonies of life might still be awaiting him from this hour onwards, they might form themselves into the loveliest of chords, but it must always be as a trio, and never as the dear duet of the past."

W. D. Howells has allowed the gentle stream of his genius to run into another novel. A young girl, ragged but beautiful, takes the fancy of a rich old lady, who adopts her, takes her

*Toronto: George N. Morang.

abroad, and at her death leaves her older but still "ragged and beautiful." As a novel, "Ragged Lady" is a striking piece of work, bearing to the other current novels the same relation as a steel engraving bears to a strong lithograph. Because of this excellence, it will appeal only to those who can appreciate mezzo-tints and that softness and gentleness of detailed delineation which marks that school of novelists who place art first. The Canadian edition is sold at a lower price than the United States edition, but contains all the illustrations and is a most creditable production.

Beatrice Harraden has taken for the title of her latest story,† the words, "Our Soul is escaped even as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowler." The Bird is Nora Penhurst, a bright, young classical teacher, and the Fowler is a small, heartless man, who tries to tame her, subdue her mental powers, and make her his slave. The story of the struggle and the final triumph of love and nature is the story which Miss Harraden tells. "The Fowler" is a curious book, almost as curious as "Ships that Pass in The Night"; and it is difficult to form an estimate of it. Perhaps it is best not to try, but simply to say that it is curious—unique—eccentric, a book which may be read and wondered over. Its lesson is elusive, but there is no doubt it has one. To different readers the lesson may be different.

NOTES.

The love of country is the root of much that is good, and Rev. W. J. Mackenzie, Rector of Chippawa, has shown that his love for Canada has not dimmed his appreciation of his motherland. His volume, entitled "Scotland's Share in Civilizing the World,"‡ is a collection of lectures delivered be-

*Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

†The Fowler, by Beatrice Harraden. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

fore Scotchmen in various parts of Canada. In its two hundred pages this enthusiastic clergyman has mentioned every one of Scotland's heroes in battle, in politics, in literature, in science, in discovery, in invention, in fine arts, in manufacturing and in finance, and given concerning each many interesting details.

"The Story of the Cowboy,"* by E. Hough, is not a piece of fiction, but an interesting account of the cattle trade of the Western States. Much of the everyday conception of the "cow-puncher" is snipped off as one reads this sane and truthful description of the life, work and history of the cattle-men who were, to a great extent, the pioneers of Western North America.

Any Canadian desiring to read the latest popular science series published in French may secure twelve volumes of "Les Livres d'Or de la Science," by sending twelve francs to Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints Peres, Paris. Among the volumes ready are: *La Panorama des Siècles* (historical); *Les Races Jannes: Les Célestes* (ethnological); *La Photographie de l'Invisible*, les Rayons X.; *Histoire et rôle du Bœuf dans la Civilisation*; *La Préhistoire de la France*; *Les Microbes et la Mort* (medical); *Les Feux et les Eaux* (scientific). The volumes are small but well illustrated and have been compiled by specialists.

"A Ken of Kipling,"† by Will M. Clemens, is said to have met with some disfavour in the eyes of the great author, who is averse to any revelation of his private life. In spite of this, the book is charming reading, and gives considerable information concerning Mr. Kipling—his early journalistic life, his religion, the purpose of his poems, anecdotes, etc. The writer of this volume is a brother of Mark Twain, and consequently is able to give some

inside history of the relations existing between Kipling and Clemens the greater.

Some time ago there was published an illustrated volume entitled "The Origin and Services of the 3rd (Montreal) Field Battery of Artillery." The author is Captain Ernest J. Chambers, a well-known writer and journalist, and the publisher is E. L. Ruddy, of Montreal. The book is a credit to both, the letterpress and binding being of an artistic—one might almost say aristocratic—nature. This corps of artillery was on service during the Fenian Raid, and both before and after that date was called upon to aid the civil power in repressing civic disorders. Its history is interesting reading.

George N. Morang & Co., Toronto, have just issued two striking volumes by two Englishmen: "The United States of Europe on the Eve of the Parliament of Peace," with nine maps and one hundred illustrations, by William T. Stead, and "The Amateur Cracksman," a collection of short stories, by E. W. Hornung. The former volume will, undoubtedly, be as much talked of as any of the author's other sensational books. One significant feature is the fact that the frontispiece is a picture of the Czar, while there is no portrait of the Queen or the Prince of Wales in the book. All the other European royalties are present.

The Wentworth County (Ont.) Historical Society has published its second volume of transactions. Among the papers are the following: *The Six Nations Indians in the Province of Ontario*, by J. O. Brant-Sero; *Documents Relating to the Battle of Stony Creek*; *A Century of Achievement*, by James H. Coyne; *Niagara on the Canadian Shore*, by the Rev. E. J. Fessenden; *King William's War*, by Miss FitzGibbon. In addition there are many minor articles dealing with the local history

* Toronto: George N. Morang. Paper only.

† Toronto: George N. Morang.

of the section. The secretary's address is J. A. Griffin, Hamilton, Ont.



Captain Peter Russell came to Upper Canada in 1792, was appointed a member of the Executive Council, and in 1796 administrator of the Province in the absence of Governor Simcoe. He afterwards filled the position of Receiver-General, and died at York in 1808. He was in the expedition sent against Charleston in 1779-80, and kept a diary. Part of this has been preserved and is now published in the *American Historical Review*, in the form of a contribution from Jas. Bain, jr., public librarian at Toronto, in whose possession is the original document.



The Bain Book and Stationery Co., of Toronto, have secured a few copies of the 1884 edition of "Old Spooke's Pass," a collection of poems by Isabella Valancy Crawford, and issued them in a new binding. This is one of the few volumes of Canadian verse which are worth preserving.



T. Fisher Unwin, of London, Eng., has issued a very handsome volume on "Piers Gaveston," by Walter Phelps Dodge. This book gives a clear picture of the constitutional development in the days of Edward I. and Edward II., besides giving a new estimate of the character of this noted figure in English history. Piers Gaveston was the son of a Gascon knight, a friend and faithful follower of Edward I. He was a favourite companion of Edward II., when he was known as the first Prince of Wales, and when Edward became king he became the king's prime favourite. His desire for absolute power for himself and his monarch finally led to his destruction at the hands of the jealous nobles.

The Vir Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, for whom William Briggs is Canadian agent, are publishing a Self and Six series. The books for women are written by Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., and the first is entitled, "What a Young Girl Ought to Know."



The Natural History Society, of Vienna, has just published "Reisebeobachtungen aus Canada" (geological observations), by Albrecht Penck, who visited Canada with the British Association, in 1897. This scholar has also written a monograph on the Illecillewaet Glacier in the Selkirks. From his observations and from that of many persons who have seen both the Alps and the Rockies, one is almost forced to the conclusion that the beautiful Rockies will one day be as much a world-resort as the Alps.



The Neuchatel Geographical Society (Neuchatel, Switzerland), has published its eleventh volume. It contains an elaborate monograph with plates and illustrations on the geological formations of "Les Préalpes Romandes." Any person interested in geology will find this a valuable volume. The language used is the French.



The six books which have sold best in the order of demand the past month, according to the Bain Book and Stationery Co., Toronto, are:—

1. David Harum, by Westcott.
2. Prisoners and Captives, by Merriam.
3. The Eye of a God, by W. A. Fraser.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War, by Dunne.
5. A Duet with an Occasional Chorus, by Conan Doyle.
6. The Garden of Swords, by Max Pemberton.

IDE MOMENTS

SNAP-SHOTS IN THE WEST.

ECONOMIZING TIME.

"THIS here cook I'm speakin' about is a plumb humorous old party.

"Which it's the spring round-up, an' along about noon we're spilled on the banks o' the Saint Mary's for chuck. When we're through, old Bunch Grass—that's the cook—packs up the outfit, for we moves camp this afternoon along up stream. I've rolled a cigarette, an' I steps up to the cook an' says :

"'Got a match, Bunch?'

"The old man's fingers goes for his vest pocket, but he pauses an' looks thoughtful a minute. Then he climbs to the top o' the chuck-waggon an' starts in to pitch off his load. Beddin', tents, grub, kettles—sails out on to the grass. I'm plumb amazed, an' I looks at him for five minutes like a locoed steer. I takes it he goes crazy.

"'Why, whatever be you a-doin'?' says I at last. 'What's the matter of you?'

"He stops, aims an amber stream at a fly on the wheel an' then says with a slow drawl :

"'Which it's like this,' says this Bunch Grass party. 'When you requests that match, I suddenly happens to recall that them combustibles allus lurks in the last pocket. I got a coat an' waistcoat in the bottom o' this waggon, an' I reaches down for that last pocket first an' saved time.'

AT CUSTER-TRAIL RANCH.

"I took a two-dollar chance on a little bit of a buzzard-head, not higher than that stone, raffled for thirty dollars. I won him. It cost me five

dollars for drinks. Branded him and turned him out with the herd. Looked like a frame with a hide hung over it.

"In the spring when the herd came in he looked like a stall-fed steer. I didn't know him. He stood on one side of the corral and the herd on the other. I thought he'd been run out. Just then he took a race across the corral, caught my best mare Jess by the neck, and hung on. I thought he'd take a piece.

"Old Tripp was standing by and asked what I'd take for him.

"'Thirty dollars.'

"Just then he took hold of another.

"'Is that the lowest,' said old Tripp.

"'Twenty-five.'

"He grabbed a third horse by the throat, and I thought he'd have his windpipe.

"'Take him for twenty,' I said. I was in a hurry to sell him.

"We traded. The pony had cowed the herd, and old man Tripp had to build a separate pasture for him."

A HOT RACE.

"This was down near the Cypress Hills, when old Sittin' Bull made that region his stampin'-ground.

"Two of his band 'jumped' us one day while we were out hoss-huntin'. They had winchesters and cut loose.

"Kid Price's hoss was nothin' but a cayuse ; still, he wasn't quite so bad as the Sioux ponies. They came after us a-whoopin' and throwin' the lead our way. I left Price in a minute, but I held my hoss in and kept lookin' back. Those bullets sang an ugly sort of a song ; they made me nervous.

"'Come on !' I shouted to the kid.

"He had his rope doubled and wound around his hand, and he was playin' it on the cayuse's ribs, first one side then the other, as he leaned low on his neck.

"I rode on a way. Then I looked back again and waved with my hand.

"Come on!" I yelled. "They'll get you!"

"Kid straightened himself up on his hoss. The rope continued to swing—'whack! whack!'—from side to side. He looked red and hot.

"Do I look as if I was tryin' to throw this race," he inquired.

"In another five minutes we sighted Fort Walsh, and the chase was over."



IN THE OVERLAND PULLMAN.

Cowboy: "This here's a sleeping-car, ain't it?"

Porter: "Yes, sah."

Cowboy: "Well, why in thunder don't you let people sleep, then, when they've paid and gone into your game? If you're aiming to keep folks awake, and want company, just dance into the next car; there's lots of folks there that don't want to sleep, nohow, and 'll be glad to see you."

* * * *

"Say, you boy!"

"Well, sah?"

"Come a-running." (Porter comes and cowboy hands him a pillow the size of a pincushion.) "Take that goose-hair thing away."

"Don't you want a pillow, sah?"

"That ain't no pillow, and I don't want it, nohow; I'm afraid it 'll get in my ear."

* * * *

"Hold on, there, my son—just drop them boots!"

"I's only gwine to black dem, sah."

"Drop 'em."

"Just gwine—"

"Just going to pull them spurs, I reckon. Now, don't monkey around my camp, takin' things, no more. If you want anything, speak for it. If you can't speak, make signs; and if you can't make signs, shake a bush. You hear me?"

"Yes, sah."

Bleasdell Cameron.



A TALE OF THREE MAIDS.

Lady making inquiries as to maid's character—"Did you find her honest?"

Former Mistress—"Honest! She never took even an order from me!"



"Did you water the ferns in the drawing-room, Bridget?"

"Yes, Mum. Don't ye hear the water drippin' on the carpet!"



Mistress—"Did you polish the mirrors in the parlour, as I told you before I went out, Norah?"

Norah—in a disheartened voice—"Sure, Ma'm, I've tried them with the boot brushes; rubbed them wid the stove brushes; gone over 'em wid the furniture polish, and niver a bit of shine can I git on 'em! faith I think if you'd let me do them my own ould-fashioned way—just washin' 'em, and wipin' 'em dry wid a rag, they'd be a sight cleaner!"

Alice Ashworth.



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